

The Academy

A Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

No. 1431. Established 1869.

7 October, 1899.

Price Threepence

[Registered as a Newspaper.]

The Literary Week.

MR. JOHN MORLEY'S monograph on Oliver Cromwell will begin to run serially in the *Century* in the November number.

A SHORT while ago, as many of our readers know, Mr. Stopford Brooke delivered a course of lectures on Robert Browning at University College, London. The lectures were regularly attended by upwards of three hundred and fifty persons, and were received with such pleasure that a movement was at once set on foot for the purpose of making provision for the regular delivery of similar courses, and at the same time of paying some public tribute to Mr. Stopford Brooke. A meeting was held, at which the scheme grew into a definite proposal to establish in perpetuity at University College a new Lectureship or Professorship of Literature or Poetry, to be called by Mr. Brooke's name, to be held by him as long as he is willing, and afterwards, subject to the appointment by the trustees of the fund, by men who will carry on similar work. This scheme has the approval of the Council of University College and of the Professor of English Literature there, Mr. W. P. Ker. £10,000 is the sum fixed upon to endow the chair, and a strong committee has been formed. Intending subscribers should communicate with the hon. treasurer, Mr. J. Foster Howe, Holwood, Grove-park, Lee, S.E. The hon. secretaries are: Mr. C. Herbert Smith, 2, Garden-court, Temple; and Miss Kate M. Warren, 45, Clarendon-road, W.

We give below the names of the six books which during the past month have been most popular in America, as estimated by the *New York Bookman*; and the six which have been most popular in England, as deduced from replies from booksellers all over the country. This is the English list:

The King's Mirror. Anthony Hope.
Kit Kennedy. S. R. Crockett.
A Double Thread. E. T. Fowler.
No. 5, John Street. R. Whiteing.
The Orange Girl. Sir W. Besant.
The Solitary Summer. Anon.

This is the American list:

{ David Harum. E. N. Westcott.
{ Richard Carvel. W. Churchill.
When Knighthood was in Flower. E. Caskoden.
No. 5, John Street. R. Whiteing.
The Market Place. H. Frederic.
A Gentleman Player. R. N. Stephens.
Children of the Mist. E. Phillpotts.

CONCERNING the above American list we have received the following letter from the Macmillan Co., of New York: "There is a curious inaccuracy in the summary of the best selling books in America which is published in the October number of the *New York Bookman*. Out of the twenty-nine towns from which the figures are obtained, twenty return as the most popular book *Richard Carvel*,

by Winston Churchill; whereas, in the summary of the returns, the first place is given to *David Harum*, which stands first in only eight towns. An inaccuracy of this kind gives rather a rude shock to the faith which we have hitherto placed upon these interesting returns in the *New York Bookman*, which are always watched with no little interest."

THE *Life of Christ*, on which "Ian Maclaren" (the Rev. John Watson) has been engaged for some time, is to run serially in England in a magazine specially projected for it by Sir George Newnes. This is the *Homes Magazine*, a periodical for the English Sunday, which will begin in December. In America "Ian Maclaren's" work will be printed in *McClure's Magazine*.

THE statement that Mr. Rider Haggard has gone to British Columbia on a mining expedition is wrong. The papers have confused two names. Mr. Rider Haggard remains to till his farm, the gentleman who is intent upon Alaskan gold being Mr. F. C. D. Haggard, a well-known figure on the Stock Exchange.

MR. HALL CAINE'S reply, which serves as preface for the new half-crown edition of *The Christian*, to the critics of that book is spirited and exhaustive. But it is not so conclusive as to prevent criticism of itself. Into one point, at any rate, we are interested to inquire. Concerning the ambiguous wording of what is perhaps the principal scene in the story, where John Storm remains under Glory Quayle's roof (or does not remain), Mr. Hall Caine confesses to a mischievous impulse: "When I wrote the chapter in question," he now says, "I knew it would be interpreted according to the moral standard of the readers reading it, and that I might properly stand aside in silence and watch the self-revelations which certain persons were making." This is a new position for the author to occupy. Should fiction be employed for such purposes, or should it be straightforward and explicit? It may surely be argued that novelists have no right to leave any situation as important as this to a reader's whim; that their duty is to narrate without ambiguity. If they use their books to make discoveries concerning their readers' moral calibre, they are not playing the game.

HENCEFORWARD the *Speaker* is to be the organ of young Oxford Liberalism. The final number of the paper on its old lines was published on Saturday last. Therein the editor, Sir Wemyss Reid, says a farewell word, and lays down the control which he has exercised for ten years. The new *Speaker* will be edited by Mr. Philip Carr and Mr. J. L. Hammond. Every number will contain signed articles on topics of the week, always from the Liberal point of view, and frequently will be found articles by representative Scottish, Irish, and provincial Liberals, and foreign correspondence from well-informed Liberals in the capitals of Europe and America.

In an interview in the *Daily News* Sir Wemyss Reid speaks freely and interestingly concerning his long journalistic career. We extract a passage:

"Tell me, Sir Wemyss—you have known great numbers of journalists—have you known any who took up their work without serious convictions, and yet were successful?"

"Never!" came the emphatic reply. "As a matter of fact, I can hardly recall a single instance of a journalist who wrote merely to order. I knew one man who was editor of a Tory paper while privately professing to be a Radical; but that was all. He was a failure. The man who writes without convictions, or contrary to his own views, cannot permanently impose on the public. He is sure to be, sooner or later, found out. I believe such men are very rare. The old foolish notion of the journalist as a hired bravo, who sells his pen to either side, as the soldier of fortune sold his sword, is being exploded. No journalist with any self-respect, or any sense of honour, would do it. For a writer to convince the public he must first himself be convinced."

"When," Sir Wemyss Reid added, "as a junior reporter, I first went forth with pencil and pocket-book, I felt a strange glow in the thought that now I had laid hands on a lever that moves the conscience of mankind. I think so still. Next to the Church, there is nothing by which you can so directly, so widely, and so quickly influence your fellow-men as by the Press."

ACCORDING to Mr. Archer's article on the Drama in this week's *World*, Mr. Forbes Robertson had the opportunity of purchasing from Mr. Alexander the rights in Mr. Stephen Phillips's play, "Paolo and Francesca." Says Mr. Archer: "Here was an experiment worth the making!—an experiment in which success meant splendid triumph, and even failure would have meant glory. Success, as I have admitted, can never be predicted with absolute certainty; accidents will happen even to the most admirable plays; and bad acting, a perverse audience, or stupid criticism, might play havoc with Mr. Phillips's play, as with any other. But if a great play has been written in our time, this is assuredly it. Not an altogether easy play to cast or act, and one which demands for its mounting the finest artistic tact and intelligence; but these are not conditions to deter a manager like Mr. Robertson." Whatever may be the fate of Mr. Phillips's tragedy with managers, it will very shortly be in the hands of the reading public, or that small section thereof which cares for new dramatic poetry.

MORE particular criticism of Mr. Phillips is to be found in *Blackwood* from the steady pen of the "Looker-on," who has been reading Mr. Phillips's two poems on the Dreyfus case. The critic writes: "So far as these short pieces can inform us, Mr. Phillips's poetic faculty is the full and lasting fund that could not be counted upon with certainty when he first drew upon it. Both have fine lines—finely conceived, finely expressed, and moving with a majesty which no other of our younger poets has ever attempted." Certain of these lines are then quoted. But then comes the other side of the matter. Mr. Phillips is severely reprimanded for encouraging the Almighty with the compliment, "Thou more than Mars"; and also for his comparison of Christ with "a deeply injured but otherwise and in himself ordinary artillery captain." "These are marvels," says the "Looker-on," "which have no explanation for me. But it deeply concerns Mr. Phillips to find one, and to use it for purgation and avoidance."

MR. WILLIAM ARCHER has an interesting and informing article on "The American Language" in the current *Pall Mall Magazine*, wherein he displays a kindness for the raucous idiom of Transatlantic speech that may stagger less catholic

minds. But Mr. Archer has always cultivated a rare receptivity for new ideas. Says he:

"It is a sheer pedantry—nay, a misconception of the laws which govern language as a living organism—to despise pithy and apt colloquialisms, and even slang. In order to remain healthy and vigorous, a literary language must be rooted in the soil of a copious vernacular, from which it can extract and assimilate, by a chemistry peculiar to itself, whatever nourishment it requires. It must keep in touch with life in the broadest acceptance of the word; and life at certain levels, obeying a psychological law which must simply be accepted as one of the conditions of the problem, will always express itself in dialect, provincialism, slang."

Taking, later, two Americanisms as examples of bad and good, Mr. Archer writes thus soundly:

My point, then, is that "scientist" ought to live on its merits, "transpire" to die on its demerits. With regard to every neologism we ought first to inquire: "Does it fill a gap? Does it serve a purpose?" And if that question be answered in the affirmative, we may next consider whether it is formed on a reasonably good analogy and in consonance with the general spirit of the language. "Truthful," for example, is said to be an Americanism, and at one time gave offence on that account. It is not only a vast improvement on the stilted "veracious," but one of the prettiest and most thoroughly English words in the dictionary.

For American peculiarities of pronunciation Mr. Archer has less admiration, but he refrains from condemnation.

BUT concerning American slang Mr. Archer is not always quite accurate. "Scrap," he says, "in the sense of quarrel [and fight], is one of the few exceedingly common American expressions which have as yet taken no hold in England." This is not so. The East End of London, at any rate, has known what scrapping is for many a day, and has now indeed hardly any other word for the ordinary set-to with the "raws." Mr. Gus Elen, an impersonator of coster life whose delineations are valuable for their accuracy, has used "scrap" in his songs for several years. Again, Mr. Archer, for examples of the Bowery habit of substituting "d" for "t," refers his readers to two recent books, neither of which has yet found an English publisher. He might more suitably have sent them to Mr. Stephen Crane's tragic little story, *Maggie*, which Mr. Heinemann issued several years ago, or to later works of the same writer. In *Maggie* Bowery talk is reproduced to perfection.

THE sagacious Mr. Dooley, as Mr. Archer calls him, continues, in Monday's *Westminster Gazette*, his burlesque account of the Dreyfus trial. The fun grows faster and more furious week by week, and our only regret is that to prepare a Gallic equivalent of the Chicago saloon-keeper's Irish is beyond the power of any human translator's intellect. "'While Gin'ral Mercier's proceedin' with his remarks,' says the prisidint of the Coort, 'call Col. Pat th' Clam, who's sick an' can't come. Swear Gin'ral Billot, Gin'ral Boisdeffer, Gin'ral Chammy, an' th' former mimbers iv th' Gover'mint.' 'I object to their bein' sworn,' says Matther Blamange. 'They must be sworn,' says th' prisidint. 'How th' divvle can they perjure thimselves if they ain't sworn?'" Again: "'Who ar-re ye, annyhow?' says the prisidint to Matther Blamange. 'I'm the counsel fr the pris'ner,' says Matther Blamange. 'Git out,' says th' prisidint.'"

THE organ of Ruskin Hall, Oxford, promises to be a firebrand in the home of spires and lost causes. *Young Oxford* it is called, and on its first page is a rude woodcut representing the University as a gigantic sphinx, and Ruskin Hall as a small man with pickaxe and a spade. Subsequently we come to a series of pictures of a University Don for whom Ruskin Hall feels pity, and whom, therefore, it takes in hand in order to straighten out

his deformities "and make a man of him." The audacity of it! The other drawings, and they are very numerous, are all in the same vein: Ruskin Hall is the reformer, the galvaniser; Oxford the moribund hulk.

We give this week a portrait of the lady who is publicly known as "Lucas Malet." Mrs. Harrison began her career as a novelist in 1882 with *Mrs. Lorimer*. This was



"LUCAS MALET" (MRS. WILLIAM HARRISON).

followed in 1885 by *Colonel Enderby's Wife*, in 1888 by *A Counsel of Perfection*, and then came, in 1891, her most powerful work *The Wages of Sin*. "Lucas Malet" works slowly, at her own pace, and after *The Wages of Sin* it was five years before *The Carissima* appeared. Her new story is awaited with much interest.

MR. KIPLING's new book, *Stalky & Co.*, has a prefatory poem from which we quote a few stanzas.

Western wind and open surge
Took us from our mothers;
Flung us on a naked shore
(Twelve bleak houses by the shore!
Seven summers by the shore!)
'Mid two hundred brothers.
There we met with famous men
Set in office o'er us;
And they beat on us with rods—
Faithfully with many rods—
Daily beat us on with rods,
For the love they bore us.
Out of Egypt unto Troy—
Over Himalaya—
Far and sure our bands have gone—
Hy-Brasil or Babylon,
Islands of the Southern Run,
And cities of Cathaia!
And we all praise famous men—
Ancients of the College;
For they taught us common sense—
Tried to teach us common sense—
Truth and God's Own Common Sense,
Which is more than knowledge!

SCENE: A CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

LADY: "Then you have nothing at all of Thomas Love Peacock's?"

ASSISTANT: "Nothing, madam. You see, this is only a circulating library, and Mr. Peacock's works are purely literary."

THE author of certain charming Irish songs and ballads which from time to time have been printed in *Blackwood*, Miss "Maira O'Neill," has collected her poems, which, under the title of *Songs of the Glen*, Messrs. Blackwood are about to publish.

IN a leading article in its issue of last Monday, the *Morning Post* takes our contributor "Z." to task for his attack on Gray's "Elegy" as a schoolroom classic. It is, however, clear that the writer of the article has not studied "Z.'s" argument. Our contributor did not "deride the sentiment" of the "Elegy"; he was only anxious that it should not be rubbed off in the endless iteration of the reading-class. Nor does the writer answer "Z.'s" objections when he says: "We know no pleasure, in all the pleasures of poetry, equal to that of the expanding appreciation which comes with increasing years." It was for this very expansion that "Z." pleaded, when he pointed out that a play of Shakespeare's, read in the schoolroom, would go with a boy through life, and be more and more understood, whereas the "Elegy," having no root in boyhood, was apt to perish in the tiresome usage of the reading-class.

INCIDENTALLY the same writer attributes to Mr. Eden Phillpotts the origin of the phrase "the human boy." Surely Mr. Chadband came first.

OMARISM has led an American gentleman, Mr. Isaac Bassett Choate, to an excursion into the FitzGeraldian metre entitled *Obeys, the Camel Driver*, which is published at the *Home Journal* office. The pleasing motto of the little book is an Arabic proverb running: "The camel driver has his thoughts, and the camel—he has his thoughts." Mr. Choate begins with the driver's thoughts, and then adds those of the camel, a most laudable attempt to present both sides of the case.

MEANWHILE another American Omarian has arisen insisting upon a change in the spelling of the great hedonist's name. "Not Omar," says he, "but 'Umar.'" "Umar," he adds, "is the way in which the immortal tentmaker wrote his own name. Moreover, there is no letter or sound of 'o' in the Persian. The accent, or stress, is on the last syllable, both of 'Umar' and of 'Khayyám,' as is the case with all Persian words, with perhaps a dozen exceptions. When written 'Omar,' there is a noticeable tendency to pronounce the name with the first syllable stressed, which is anathema to the real student of 'Umar.'" We are now in train to learn who are the real students of Omar—that is, "Umar"—and who not. It is getting high time for a division of sheep and goats.

BREVITY has been more in favour during late years than for two centuries. Early Victorian writers were long indeed; eighteenth century writers were long; the artists in little ended with Herrick and Prior, beginning again with our own times. It is Herrick of whom we are distantly reminded—the Herrick of the "Noble Numbers"—by the small manual of daily maxims which the Rev. Frederick Langbridge has composed under the title *Little Tapers* (R.T.S.). Mr. Langbridge's manner may be illustrated by two or three quotations:

Sin has a Sin on either Arm.

Who knocks so loud?—"A little lonely sin."

"Slip through," we answer, and all Hell is in.

"Happy Worm," says the Eagle; "Thou canst Creep!"

God set thy nature in a certain key:
Therein do thou work out the melody.

It is the Trifles Matter Most.

God sends great angels in our sore dismay,
But little ones go in and out all day.

A Stout Heart is Halfway There.

Arouse thy courage ere it fails and faints:
God props no Gospel up with sinking saints.

It would be hard, indeed, to compress counsel more closely than this.

MISS GERTRUDE WARD, Mr. Humphry Ward's sister, the author of the *Life of Bishop Smythies*, has in the press *Letters from East Africa*, 1895-97.

A NEW novel of social life in England, written by Mrs. de la Pasture, the author of *Deborah of Tod's*, will be published by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. next week. The title of the new book is *Adam Grigson*.

Bibliographical.

IN the preface to his *Family Letters and Memoir* of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Mr. W. M. Rossetti said that if the work found favour with the public he should be disposed "to rummage" among his "ample stock of materials," and "produce a number of details" relating not only to his brother Gabriel, but also to "other members or connections of the family." The firstfruit of that "rummaging" was the volume, issued last year, entitled *Ruskin: Rossetti: Pre-Raphaelitism*. Included in this were many letters by D. G. Rossetti and some extracts from Madox Brown's diary of Ford Madox Brown. Now Mr. W. M. Rossetti announces another volume, to be called *Pre-Raphaelite Diaries and Letters*, comprising more letters by D. G. Rossetti and (apparently) more extracts from Madox Brown's diary. This method of book-making may be very agreeable to Mr. W. M. Rossetti, but it is very irritating to the students and admirers of the Pre-Raphaelite group, who, with all these fresh "materials" cropping up from time to time, must feel mystified. However, Mr. W. M. Rossetti promises to print in the forthcoming book his *Journal of the P.R.B.* (to which, it seems, he was a sort of secretary), and that will certainly be welcome.

Messrs. Macmillan are to give circulation in England to a collection of *Representative English Comedies*, put together by an American professor (C. M. Cayley). The work will be in five volumes, and therefore, one may hope, tolerably comprehensive. It is a little surprising that it should have been left to a Transatlantic scholar to perform this labour of love; but so it is. We possess literally no representative collection of English comedies. It is true that, of the five volumes of the *British Drama* published in 1804, two are given up to Comedies, but these begin with Jonson and end with Cumberland, making but a meagre show. It is greatly to be hoped that Mr. Cayley will start with "Ralph Roister Doister," and come down to Mr. Pinero. It would suffice if, of English comedy-writers since Sheridan, he gave specimen scenes only. We are to receive also from America a book by another professor on *The Development of the English Novel*; but this has already been done for us by Mr. Walter Raleigh, in a fashion on which it will be difficult to improve.

With reference to the promised anthology entitled *The Kings' Lyrics*—poems of the reigns of James I. and Charles I.—I am reminded of the existence in the "Canterbury Poets" series of a little collection of *Cavalier and Courtier Lyrics*, edited by Mr. W. H. Dircks. But that book has a different scope from that of *The Kings' Lyrics*, covering as it does the ground between the accession of Charles I. and the death of Charles II. A still earlier selection was *The Courtly Poets* (1870), for which Dr. Hannah was responsible, and which also had a larger scheme than that of *The Kings' Lyrics*.

MR. J. R. Tutin, who promises us a *Concordance to Omar Khayyam*, has already done some excellent work in the *belles lettres* in a modest way. We are indebted to him, for instance, for a reprint of the *Sacred Poems of Crashaw* (published originally in 1662). Previously to that (1887) he had printed a selection from Crashaw's verse for private circulation. Two years ago he reprinted Christopher Smart's *Song to David*. He has also edited the poems of Burns, the early poems of Wordsworth, and selections from Henry Vaughan, Moore, and Keats, and has compiled a bibliography of Wordsworth, a *Wordsworth Birthday Book*, and a *Shelley Birthday Book*.

Miss Lilian Whiting is to give us a *Study of Mrs. Browning* and a memoir of Miss Kate Field. The latter will have the greater freshness. Whether the English public is much interested in Miss Field remains to be seen. She wrote monographs on Ristori and Fechter, which have been circulated over here; and I think her descriptions of Dickens's Readings have found their way to us. But that is about all. A comedietta from her pen is in French's list.

It is pleasant to note among the books of the near future a selection from the verse of Crabbe. It will not be the first of its kind, but will be welcome, because Crabbe at present is too little known, even to those who study literature. Welcome, again, will be the "Bibelot" which is to be devoted to Gay's *Trivia*, and *Other Pieces*. Gay is another writer with whom the general reader is too little acquainted. The late Mr. Underhill gave us an excellent edition of Gay, but something a little more "popular" was wanted and will now be supplied.

In the department of classic fiction we are to have a reprint of Galt's *Ringan Gilhaize; or, the Covenanters*—a story which cannot be described as hackneyed, seeing that it has not been reprinted, apparently—in separate form—since 1823. The announced reprint of *Vathek* will also be acceptable, though we had one so recently as five years ago (edited by Dr. Garnett, and illustrated withal). Beckford's story was in the "Minerva Library" (1891), and "Cassell's National Library" (1886); so it cannot be regarded as inaccessible even to the humblest reader.

In undertaking a translation of Ibsen's "Love's Comedy" into English, Mr. C. H. Herford really does supply a "felt want." It comes, however, late in the day. The French had a version done for their benefit three years ago.

There is a lack of originality among literary people in the matter of book-titles. Thus, in 1889, there appeared a little volume of essays called *Rambles in Bookland*. Some little while after that title was bodily annexed for the purposes of a column in a daily paper. Then, in 1893, came Mr. C. F. Blackburn's *Rambles in Books*; and now, I see, we are to receive from Mr. Joseph Shaylor a publication entitled *Saunterings in Bookland*. Yet another instance: two years ago Mr. J. A. Hammerton produced a book called *The Actor's Art*, and now a Mr. Stanley Jones presents us with one entitled *The Actor and His Art*.

The *Collected Poems* of Thomas Edward Brown—that is to be another of the season's benefactions. Brown first appeared in print as a poet in 1873, but it was not till 1881 that he published his first volume—*Foë's Yarns*. Then came *The Doctor, &c.*, in 1887, *The Manx Witch, &c.*, in 1889, and *Old John, &c.*, in 1893.

Hitherto, Mr. A. B. Walkley has been known in the book-world only as the author of some reprinted *Playhouse Impressions*, published in 1892. His forthcoming book, *Frames of Mind* (also contributed originally to the Press), will help to exhibit his versatility, which is considerable. He is a busier journalist than is generally supposed.

We are to have a new edition, revised, curtailed here, augmented there, of Mr. H. D. Traill's dialogues, *The New Lucian*. It is surprising to be reminded that these date back no further (so far as their book form is concerned) than 1884. One thinks of them as older.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

War is Suicide.

Is War now Impossible? By I. S. Bloch. (Grant Richards 6s.)

THIS is a translation from the sixth and last volume of M. Bloch's great work on *The Future of War*, which is known to have influenced powerfully the ideas of the Czar with regard to the late Peace Conference. From this fact, and the further fact that it is prefaced by Mr. W. T. Stead, the reader knows what will be the author's prepossessions. Nevertheless, and in spite of the fact that M. Bloch is simply a Russian banker, not in any way a military man, this book is very different from the mass of literature issued by peace societies. The original is a monumental examination of modern war in all its aspects and details; while the volume here selected by Mr. Stead for translation sums up the conclusions of the previous volumes. The work has received the approval of a council of military experts to whom the Czar submitted it for investigation, so that we may rely on its general accuracy and value, civilian though the writer be. It is no declamation against war; it eschews rhetoric and eloquence. The very effectiveness of it lies in its cool scientific spirit of inquiry, its logical marshalling of facts and figures. Those facts and calmly demonstrated conclusions from fact have a remorseless eloquence, a terrible rhetoric. M. Bloch, we think, proves up to the hilt that the great European war which we all fear means national suicide for all the European peoples. But with his further and final conclusion, that war is therefore impossible, we are less ready to agree: it is based upon the assumption that nations do not commit suicide. Is he so sure of that?

The future great war will have no parallel in the past. The long wars which followed the French Revolution, and ended at Waterloo, had a unity; it was France against Europe, and each side fought (so to speak) with its back to its own wall. The nearest parallel is the Thirty Years' War, where nation fell on the back of nation, with inconclusive victories, marching and countermarching, endless prolongation, fire, famine, and devastation, leaving the ends of war finally unaccomplished by either of the main contestants. But there auxiliary nations drew out of and re-entered the struggle at pleasure; here there will be no retreat, no cessation for any country, once the enormous conflict is begun, except by complete overthrow or exhaustion. It will be a universal and incessant Thirty Years' War, with the added horror of murderous weapons and whole peoples set in the battle-field.

At the first declaration of war, the first sound of the tocsin (so to speak), the sanguinary business will begin. Before that declaration has died on the ears of Europe, over the frontiers will come streams of cavalry: fierce riders, Uhlans or Cossacks, eddying through the borderlands, and throwing off their spray of lances to threaten the interior. Telegraphs will be cut, depôts and government resources generally destroyed or seized; communications will be interrupted, and mobilisation thwarted in every possible way. In the rear of these swarms presently the main armies will roll into the country by hundreds of thousands, while behind slowly form and surge forward reserves in millions. No carefully trained bodies like the little English armies of the Soudan or the Afghan border, vast numbers of the invaders (as of the defenders) will come straight from the fields, the workshop, the desk, the counting-house. With a load of eighty pounds on their backs they will have to make long marches in all weathers, and sleep on the ground, often under the rain. In a fortnight, without seeing an enemy or hearing a bullet, a hundred thousand soldiers will crowd the hospitals. Such is the calculation of the army doctors. Hardship and sickness will do the work among these unseasoned men. Leaving this appalling *débris* behind it, the army

will emerge upon the enemy. But, further, it will leave on its track a straggle of corpses and wounded from bullets that fly invisible as pestilence, fired by hidden sharpshooters whose rifles show not a puff of smoke to betray their lurking-place. The cavalry of the main army now spread out in patrols to reconnoitre the enemy; but they bring back vague reports as to his position and numbers. The enemy's skirmishers prevented their getting into touch with his main forces. At a distance of half a mile the skirmishers' fire began to empty their saddles. The smokeless powder did not suffer them to see where the skirmishers were posted; and it was impossible for them, exposed on horseback, to stand the deadly rain of bullets. Infantry will have to push forward as skirmishers, and complete (much less satisfactorily than could be desired) the task of reconnoitring. During the battle that follows the cavalry cannot (it is probable) be used. They will have to stand back some distance from the firing-line or every saddle would be emptied. Only in pursuit can they again be brought into use.

The whole battle-field will be visible. No smoke, for the powder is smokeless; little sound from rifle fire compared with old battles, for even volley firing cannot be heard beyond a mile. There will be the rattle of one's own rifles, the noise of the great guns, and the clear, unimpeded sight of every man who falls—and they will fall in ranks. There can be no better description than that which M. Bloch quotes from a French military writer:

The distance is 16,000 metres from the enemy. The artillery is in position, and the command has been passed along the batteries to "give fire." The enemy's artillery replies. Shells tear up the soil and burst; in a short time the crew of every gun has ascertained the distance of the enemy. Then every projectile discharged bursts in the air over the heads of the enemy, raining down hundreds of fragments and bullets on his position. Men and horses are overwhelmed by this rain of lead and iron. Guns destroy one another, batteries are mutually annihilated, ammunition cases are emptied. Success will be with those whose fire does not slacken. In the midst of this fire the battalions will advance.

Now they are but 2,000 metres away. Already the rifle bullets whistle round and kill, each not only finding a victim, but penetrating files, ricocheting, and striking again. Volley succeeds volley, bullets in great handfuls, constant as hail, and swift as lightning, deluge the field of battle. The artillery having silenced the enemy is now free to deal with the enemy's battalions. On his infantry, however loosely it may be formed, the guns direct thick iron rain, and soon in the position of the enemy the earth is deluged with blood.

The firing lines will advance one after the other, battalions will march after battalions; finally, the reserves will follow. Yet with all this movement in the two armies there will be a belt a thousand paces wide, separating them as by a neutral territory, swept by the fire of both sides—a belt which no living being can stand for a moment. The ammunition will be almost exhausted; millions of cartridges, thousands of shells, will cover the soil; but the fire will continue until the empty ammunition cases are replaced with full; melinite bombs will turn to dust farm-houses, villages, and hamlets, destroying everything that might be used as cover, obstacle, or refuge.

The moment will approach when half the combatants will be mowed down; dead and wounded will lie in parallel rows, separated one from the other by that belt of a thousand paces which will be swept by a cross-fire of shells which no living being can pass. The battle will continue with ferocity; but still that thousand paces unchangingly separate the foes.

Who shall have gained the victory? Neither.

Thus, as the result of so much bloodshed, it is probable that the battle would be indecisive. It would be impossible to push home a decisive attack across that zone of fire so eloquently described. For armies in future will be entrenched. The defenders will rest upon chains of fortresses, to which are attached entrenched camps. Even the invaders will entrench themselves, as a defence against

the terrible hostile fire. Thus, whichever attacks, the war will be a series of Plevnas, with incalculably greater powers of defence. The assailants will only be able to advance on the enemy's position slowly, digging trenches for themselves as they proceed. It may take a whole day to arrive, in this manner, within possible striking distance of the adversary's lines. Battles will last for days—some venture to say a week. And when an army is beaten, it will retreat slowly, throwing up fresh earthworks and standing at bay behind them, until it reaches a fresh line of fortresses or receives reinforcements: so that it will scarcely be possible to turn defeat into rout. Nor will a new Sedan be possible. The forces of the nations are too nearly equal for one army to surround another; moreover, turning operations will be difficult, because with magazine-rifles and entrenchments a small force can hold a large one at bay till it is reinforced, and the attempt to turn the flank arrested. Everything points to campaigns long, stubborn, sanguinary, and indecisive; the attacker often becoming the defender, and the fortunes of war swaying ponderously to and fro.

The chief cause of this is the use of smokeless powder (which we have already noticed), and the immense improvement both in small arms and artillery. Not only can the magazine-gun volley a torrent of bullets with inconceivable rapidity, but its carrying power is enormously greater. It will carry two or three miles, and it can be used with effect at a mile. It will pierce a file of men with a single bullet, and will penetrate a tree, killing the man behind it. The old bullet soared in a curve, and it needed careful calculation to make it descend on its mark. From the modern rifle the bullet flies straight to its aim, at an even level above the ground. Therefore, without aiming at all, if the rifle be merely laid level, it will strike everything between the muzzle of the gun and the end of its flight. Yet, at the same time, it is much more accurate, and there are greater facilities for correct fire with it.

Artillery is still more destructive. Here is a frightful calculation:

It is estimated that if a body of men advancing to the attack had to traverse a distance of a mile and a half under the fire of a single battery, they would be exposed to 1,450 rounds before they crossed the zone of fire; and the bursting of the shells fired by that battery would scatter 275,000 bullets in fragments over the mile and a half across which they would have to march. In 1870 an ordinary shell when it burst broke into from nineteen to thirty pieces. To-day it bursts into 240. Shrapnel-fire in 1870 only scattered thirty-seven death-dealing missiles. Now it scatters 340. A bomb weighing about 70 lb. thirty years ago would have burst into forty-two fragments. To-day, when it is charged with peroxylene, it breaks up into 1,200 pieces, each of which is hurled with much greater velocity than the larger lumps which were scattered by a gunpowder explosion. It is estimated that such a bomb would effectively destroy all life within a range of 200 metres of the explosion.

We need not dwell on the superior accuracy given by range-finders, absence of smoke, and other causes. This is enough. To cope with the ranks and swathes of ghastly wounded men that will lie in the track of such fire what medical means are there? Really none. Firstly, the hospital department is completely inadequate; nor could any efforts make it adequate. Secondly, it will not be possible to find a safe spot near enough to the battlefield for the surgeons to do their work. The wounded must lie on the field for days—if, as happened at Gravelotte, their own comrades do not build the fallen, dead and living together, into a rampart for their own defence.

In such a war there is death to be gained, but not glory. The officers especially, who must expose themselves to encourage the men, will fall in appalling proportions. Nay, more: every country has bodies of expert shots, trained to do nothing but pick off officers. Several German and Austrian officers have told M. Bloch that if

war break out they will, of course, do their duty; but they would head their men knowing they would never return. With the thoroughly trained officers mostly killed off, how are these masses of men (by that time consisting mostly of raw reserves) to be handled? They would become military mobs.

For the nations at home to maintain, feed, and provide transport for these immense hosts during a long war appears impossible, so vast would the expense be. Not only commerce, but the whole industrial and agricultural system must be disorganised through the prolonged absence in the battle-field of all the able-bodied workers. Ruin, financial and industrial, must result. The nations would be starving at home while the armies were starving in the field. Add (what M. Bloch omits) that, with the hosts of dead and wounded covering the battle-fields, or crowded into necessarily insanitary hospitals, there will be grave danger of widespread pestilence, and the breakdown of the whole machinery becomes complete. Finally would arise revolution, the infuriated peoples turning on the rulers who had betrayed them, with the suffering and discontented armies in no mood to lend themselves to repression. Nor would England escape. Dependent for our trade on the world's open markets, for our food supply on open imports, growing but corn enough at home for a three months' provision, our one safety is in the possibility of our fleet ensuring the trade routes. And few impartial authorities believe in that. Even were it so, the prices of convoyed food would rise to famine figures.

Such is the war of the future drawn by M. Bloch. For our part, we think it demonstrably true. War is suicide. We wish we could believe with the author that there will, therefore, be no war. But in France and England these facts are not recognised. England still imagines that even a disastrous war would be only a bigger Majuba, from which she could rally and recover. Now, two nations are enough to fire the train. Moreover, the clash of ambitions and national passions may drift the rulers into the catastrophe. Universal earth-hunger and bitter jealousies provide every opening for an irretrievable mistake. With so many climbers on the steeps of ambition, there will some day be a fatal accident; and the first nation that slips will drag the others after it into the abyss of war. That is a form of virtual suicide possible to nations as to men.

A Nation of Philosophers.

The Six Systems of Indian Philosophy. By F. Max Müller. (Longmans.)

Auld Lang Syne. By F. Max Müller. Second Series. (Longmans.)

We have placed these books together because they are the gathering up of the threads, as it were, of the work to which Mr. Max Müller has mainly devoted his life. His eyes have ever been fixed on the Orient. He has grown old in the quest of the meaning of the life and literature of ancient India; now he looks back affectionately on his labours, culls a fact here, picks a flower there, and gossips. The larger of the two volumes is modestly described as "some of the notes on the Six Systems of Indian Philosophy which have accumulated in my notebooks for many years." Learned, garrulous, kindly, discursive, combative, full of repetitions, and of a pleasant variety, the six hundred pages radiate enthusiasm, and proclaim the author's undying interest in "the most highly gifted races of mankind, and the solutions they have proposed for the eternal riddles of the world." It is an old man who speaks through these books. His work is done. He puts his spear by, and steps forth from the arena with this irreproachable homily on his lips: "Scholars who on questions of scholarship differ from

us, as we differ from them should never be counted as personal enemies." In *Auld Lang Syne* (this is the second series, and less personal than the first) he gossips about his Indian friends, about the Veda, and about himself—an excellent subject, for he is an uncommon combination of scholar, gossip, gladiator, enthusiast, and sentimentalist.

India! How the vista opens at the name. A nation at for four thousand years has let the material world



PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER.

Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Co.

batten upon her, and has kept her secret thoughts through all because she knew that those thoughts were all that really mattered. "A society in which spiritual interests predominate and throw all material interests into the shade, a world of thinkers, a nation of philosophers." She has seen the peoples of antiquity rise, flourish, and fall, and still remains suave, mysterious, unaffected.

Indian philosophy is the most abstruse of subjects; Sanskrit names make the eyes ache, and they baffle the memory; the attempt to follow the reasoning of a Hindu sage is like trying to explain the stages of a kinematograph to a blind school; and yet the play of Mr. Max Müller's mind, and the humanity that runs through his exposition, is such, that as one turns these pages—stumbling, grappling—the picture grows, and remains—in broad brushwork, if you like—a living and suggestive thing, part of one's intellectual life.

The editor of *The Sacred Books of the East* has never visited India:

The dream of my life to see India face to face has never been realised. When I was young enough I had not the wherewithal to go there, and when, later in life, I was invited again and again by my Indian friends to go there, I was too old and too much tied down by duties from which there was no escape. Besides, unless I could have stayed in India at least two or three years, could have learned to speak the languages, and come to know the few native scholars still left, it was nothing to me. My India was not on the surface, but lay many centuries behind it.

But if Mr. Max Müller has never set foot in India he is there in the spirit to an extent that sometimes has

embarrassing consequences. A recent mail brought him a series of questions, signed by a number of Indian gentlemen, with a request for an "early answer." The questions indicate the problems on which the modern Indian mind is brooding. Here are two of them:

What is your opinion regarding God and the soul? Is the latter a reflection of the former, or is the one quite separate from the other?

Is the universe eternal and self-abiding, or has it been created by some one?

The querists, if you please, were cloth merchants. "They probably," adds Mr. Max Müller, "expect my answer by return of post." And no doubt, by now, the anxious cloth merchants have received some kind of reply. For years of poring over Sanskrit texts have not dulled the Professor's kindness nor deadened his enthusiasm; neither have they withered his German sentiment for romance.

Does not such a passage as this rouse in one the desire to read on, and learn more about the Rig-veda hymns?

Seeing that the Veda was certainly more ancient than anything we possessed of Aryan literature elsewhere, people jumped to the conclusion that it would bring us near to the very beginning of all things, and that we should find in the hymns of the Rig-veda the "very songs of the morning stars and the shouts of the sons of God."

Or this:

In India we still see, as it were, the last traces of the primordial surprise at the world. Their earliest thinkers seem still to feel strange in it, while Greeks and Romans are thoroughly at home in their little world. . . . The Indians, at least their leading thinkers, never cared so intensely for the span of life on earth as the Greeks did. . . . Even, while passing through the world their eyes were for ever fixed on the Beyond. . . . Their hearts would never forget the life that lay behind them, and their minds were for ever set on the life that was to come.

That wistfulness, sad and glad at once, dominates the lives of many Westerners also. Apropos, Mr. Max Müller prints this touching passage, as a hint to his correspondents who clamour for quick replies:

Life has its limits, every day has its limits, and one hour out of the twenty-four might well be left to an old man for dreaming, for looking back on the years and friends that are gone, and forward to that life to which our stay on earth forms, as he thinks, but a short prelude.

To Sanskrit scholars, to Orientalists, to students of comparative religion, the subject of these volumes is, of course, familiar. Their interest in them is the academic, or shall we say the sporting, interest of fellow-workers in the same field who, having already mastered the lie of the land, proceed to attack one another over the age of the gates, the construction of the roads, the writing on the milestones, and the period of the strata. But the world at large is not eager for specialist criticism. It is the atmosphere, the spirit of a book, that it demands, an answer to the questions: "Have I anything to learn from this book? Is there that in it to stimulate my imagination and to feed my mind?"

Here in the West we give of our best to material things. Our call has ever been to the factory, the market-place, the field of battle. In India the spectacle sweeps before us of, practically, a whole nation dominated by one interest—interest in the great problems of humanity here on earth.

Its kings surrounded themselves with a court of sages rather than of warriors, and the people at large developed and strengthened their old taste for religious and philosophical problems that has endured for centuries, and is not extinct even at the present time.

Climatic conditions and the simple morning civilisation of ancient India encouraged in that gentle people this

habit of reflection and wonder at the miracle of the seasons. The struggle for life had not begun; conquest did not invite them; they knew nothing of the life of great cities; the means of communication between one settlement and another were so slight as to make journeys prohibitive; like the free animals, their tastes were few; devices for killing time had not occurred to them; the act of writing was unknown; such literature as they had was mnemonic—"what was there to do for those who, in order to escape from the heat of the tropical sun, had taken their abode in the shade of groves or in the caves of mountainous valleys, except to meditate on the world in which they found themselves placed, they did not know how or why?"

Truth is neither young nor old. It is eternal. It existed; it exists; it will exist. This the Hindu philosophers have never doubted; any more than they have ever doubted that the soul is immortal. To them the truth lies hidden in their Bible—the Veda. It is there, "self-luminous, like the sun." The Veda *is*; it needs no proof, but it needs explanation; and here, as elsewhere, each commentator must offer a new interpretation. Hence the mazes of Indian philosophy through which Mr. Max Müller and other redoubtable Sanskrit scholars have threaded their way. Needless to say, they do not always agree; indeed, during the last decade battle-dore and shuttlecock has been played with Sanskrit reputations. Learning and loving-kindness are not interchangeable terms.

The Vedas, as we possess them, are four systematically arranged collections of hymns and verses, probably 4,000 years old; and the Veda is often used in the sense of these four Vedas taken together. It is the oldest book in the world; yet till recent times it had never been published. The Veda, the Brahmins declared, was the primordial divine revelation; that it was not the composition of human authors, but the work of Brahman, the Supreme Spirit, who had revealed it to seers. A long period of time went to its production; and for hundreds of years, if not thousands, it was never reduced to writing. The ancient literature of India was entirely mnemonic. Boys had to spend years and years of their youth learning by heart line after line of certain books, and nothing else. Every word, every letter, every accent of the Veda had been settled by authority as far back as about the fifth century B.C.; and when, some hundreds of years later, it began to be written down, the MSS. were so few and so precious that none but a handful of native scholars had ever seen them.

Imagine, then, the sensation in India when Mr. Max Müller's edition of the Rig-veda (the first and most important of the four collections that form the Veda) was suddenly offered for sale in the bookshops of India. Their Bible—their venerable Bible—that had never been published during the four thousand years of its existence, to be translated and sold publicly by a Mlekkha—a barbarian! But the Brahmins soon acknowledged the great achievement, and later, when a second edition became necessary, it was the Maharajah of Vizianagram who offered to become responsible for the printing bill of £4,000.

It is, of course, impossible here and now to touch even the fringe of the profound and tortuous speculations that have resulted in the *Six Systems*. They share many things in common.

They all promise to teach the nature of the soul, and its relation to the Godhead or to a Supreme Being. They all undertake to supply the means of knowing the nature of that Supreme Being, and through that knowledge to pave the way to human happiness. They all share the conviction that there is suffering in the world which is something *irregular*, has no right to exist, and should therefore be removed.

Of the Six Systems, the first, called the Vedānta, is "clearly the native philosophy of India." Once a sage

gave this pithy exposition of the fundamental doctrines of the Vedānta system:

In one half verse I shall tell you what has been taught in thousands of volumes: Brahman is true, the world is false, the soul is Brahman and nothing else.

It is something to have so clear a statement. So recondite and multifarious are the mental turns and twirls of those ancient philosophers, so voluminous are the emendations and annotations encrusted on the original truth by generations of second-class minds, that after turning the pages of this closely packed volume it is refreshing to hear even of that ancient reservoir of thought to which Mr. Max Müller refers more than once—"the secret springs of the wisdom of Kapila or Buddha Śākya Muni."

The longer I have studied the various systems the more have I become impressed with the truth of the view that there is behind the variety of the Six Systems a common fund of what may be called national or popular philosophy, a large Mānasa lake of philosophical thought and language, far away in the distant North, and in the distant Past, from which each thinker was allowed to draw for his own purposes.

If the present writer were asked to formulate a brief synopsis of the explanation of the riddle of life that these ancient Hindu seers evolved, he would adventure on something of this kind:

The world, as we know it, is Phenomenal.

Brahman, God, from whom we come, alone is Real.

The aim of our lives should be to blot out the Phenomenal, to recover the Real, to return to God, to regain God-consciousness. This can only be done by destroying that universal Nescience which causes suffering and makes us mistake the Phenomenal for the Real.

The soul never dies.

By the law of Karman every thought thought, every deed done, good or evil, continues through the ages, and bears fruit.

The reason of suffering is Nescience, non-discrimination, false knowledge—the effect, by the law of Karman, of thoughts thought, or deeds done, if not in this, then in former lives.

Must the effect of these thoughts and deeds go on for ever? Cannot the cycle of lives and deaths be stopped? Cannot freedom ever be attained? Yes! By Knowledge. By Knowledge of the Self within. By reconciling that self with the Divine.

Karman will cease to work only when Freedom has been gained. Then all will be well. Struggles will be over. The individual's humanity will be taken back into the God-head,

not to put on a new nature, but to recover his old and true nature—in fact, to become what, in spite of the dreams and fancies of life, he has always been.

It is surely astounding [adds Mr. Max Müller] that such a system as the Vedānta should have been slowly elaborated by the indefatigable and intrepid thinkers of India thousands of years ago, a system that even now makes us giddy, as in mounting the last steps of the swaying spire of an ancient Gothic cathedral. None of our philosophers, not excepting Heraclitus, Plato, Kant, or Hegel, has ventured to erect such a spire, never frightened by storms or lightnings. Stone follows on stone in regular succession after once the first step has been made, after once it has been clearly seen that in the beginning there can have been but One, as there will be but One in the end.

"A system that makes us giddy." There, in six words, is expressed the effect on the mind of the man or woman who, from curiosity, or from the heart's cry for truth, attempts to understand the edifice of Indian philosophy. To lift the curtain, to push open the door—that has ever been the longing of the nations through all the centuries. One can but be thrilled with pity for the human agony that has gone to this great quest, that still continues unremittingly, and still finds us crying from the housetops to the stars. The Hindu philosophers taught that the

Phenomenal world is a disability that must be overcome if we would find the Real. We in the West accept the world as a school for the practice of conduct and the development of character, and try to lull ourselves by the anodyne of work and good deeds.

Meanwhile, one reels back from the giddy heights of Hindu philosophy to the simplicity, say, of the prophet Micah: "What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" Truth is eternal. It is the form only that changes. To all creeds the great truth applies: "Ask and ye shall receive." And to all, also, those words of the ancient Hindu seer:

When God has become really known all fetters fall.

In Chains at Omdurman.

A Prisoner of the Khaleefa: Twelve Years' Captivity at Omdurman. By Charles Neufeld. (Chapman & Hall.)

ON April 1, 1887, Charles Neufeld, a German trader, left Wadi Halfa with a caravan, intending to trade in the Soudan, and from that day until September, 1898, he was lost to civilisation. Most of those years he spent in chains in the prison at Omdurman, refusing to acknowledge the Mahdi's mission, and suffering tortures which place the Khaleefa on the same unenvied pinnacle as that adorned by M. Lebon, of the Ile du Diable notoriety. But though



MR. CHARLES NEUFELD WRITING IN PRISON.

Charles Neufeld was cut off from the civilised world, many reports of him got through to Cairo which gave an impression of him which he is anxious to remove.

This handsome volume is a book with two purposes. One is to describe life at Omdurman under the tyranny of the Khaleefa—this is the more important in the eyes of the public; the other is to vindicate the author from the accusations hurled anonymously at him—this is the more important in Mr. Neufeld's eyes. It was said that he betrayed the caravan into the hands of the Dervishes; he shows, in a plain, straightforward account, how it was betrayed by guides Gabou and Hassan, with the result that Mr. Neufeld spent the best part of twelve years in an unspeakably filthy prison. It was said that he refused the chances given him to escape from the Soudan; he shows how his attempts were frustrated, and how close was the watch kept upon him in and out of prison. He was accused of marrying a native wife and of becoming a Mahdist; he shows that he was the only man who refused to give up his religion, and that he was married

by the Khaleefa's order to a native woman much as the nuns were married by the same tyrant to Greek merchants. Mr. Neufeld's story bears the stamp of truth and his vindication appears to be complete, but to the general public the story of what went on at Omdurman will be of wider interest.

The account given by Mr. Neufeld of life in the *Saier*, or prison, at Omdurman, is, he assures us, toned down for European reading. This it is easy to believe, but even as it is the striking passages which are best worth quoting are better left to be read in the book itself. Dirt, black-mail, and the kourbash seem the principal features of prison life, and the chapter on "Prison Justice" is not one to be read by over-sensitive persons. When Neufeld was let out of prison it was to help manufacture saltpetre for the Khaleefa's powder magazine, and this, no doubt, gave rise to the story that he was making powder to shoot English soldiers with. As a matter of fact, the saltpetre he made was so bad that the powder-makers were unable to use it to any purpose. About two tons of the stuff is still lying unused in the stores at Omdurman. Of a more valuable derelict at Omdurman—the Khaleefa's treasure—Mr. Neufeld remarks that all good gold and silver jewellery, and coins, disappeared during the last fifteen years in the Soudan. The Khaleefa was entitled to one-fifth of all loot and all property, and he insisted on having his share in gold, but though it is impossible to say what estimate should be put on the Khaleefa's buried treasure, some idea may be gleaned from an examination of the books of the treasury, which were well kept. The few millions he buried will no doubt be discovered some day—but unofficially.

Perhaps the most interesting part of the book is that which describes the battle of Omdurman, from the point of view of the prisoner in the *Saier* at Omdurman. Vague hints came dropping in of the advance of the English, who crossed the desert with "iron devils," otherwise the railway. Then at last came the shells whistling overhead, and then all the prisoners in the yard were covered with dust and stones. A shell had struck the top of the prison wall, ricocheted to the opposite wall, and fallen without exploding in the prison of the women. Neufeld went nearly mad with joy, and shouted and danced, until the infuriated Baggara prisoners would have killed him had not the gaoler, Idris es Saier, locked them all up, and left Neufeld, to whom he looked to speak a good word for him to the English, out in the yard among the sympathisers with the Egyptian Government. The flight of the shells overhead had, we are told, a most extraordinary effect—they appeared to compress the atmosphere, and press it down to the earth; the prisoners could actually feel the pressure on their bodies, and with some it brought on nausea. During the night they could hear the pat, pat, pat of at first a few dozen bare feet, until eventually they could tell that thousands were running into the town. The refugees gave a striking account of the battle, and how the Dervish army had been mown down by the English and Egyptian troops; and then at last Idris came, frightened out of his life, to say that a big, tall man, who, he was told, was the dreaded Sirdar, had asked for Neufeld. The last order that he was to receive and obey in the *Saier* was, "Neufeld, out you go." "It was the Sirdar's order, and half carried by the friendly and strong arms supporting me, I obeyed."

Mr. Neufeld has his opinion to give on the Sirdar's tactics, and he expresses himself strongly that Lord Kitchener made one grave error—he gave quarter. He extended to a horde of murderers the advantages of civilised warfare, "and the clemency he felt called upon to extend to them will cost England the loss of many a gallant life yet." The Sirdar prevented his black troops from exercising the *lex talionis* on the men who had murdered, mutilated, and outraged their families in the past, and, in so doing, Mr. Neufeld holds that he committed an injustice to the men

who had worked so long and so hard to see the Day of Retaliation. These words have an added strength from the fact that at the moment of their publication comes the news that the Khaleefa is collecting another large army in the southern Soudan, and that a new expedition will have to be sent against him.

The last chapter deals with the death of General Gordon, and Mr. Neufeld claims that the version he gives from the accounts of eye-witnesses is the only true one. Gordon was not stabbed in the back and dragged down the stairs of his palace at Khartoum. He died fighting, having killed sixteen or seventeen of his assailants with his sword, while his left hand was blackened with unburned powder of his at least thrice-empty revolver. He fought his way down the steps with a spear and pistol-shot in his right breast, and, as he breathed his last, "he turned to strike his last assailant, half raised his sword to strike, and fell dead with his face to heaven." So say the natives who were present at the last; and as to the esteem in which Gordon was held even by the Mahdists, Mr. Neufeld declares that he never heard a single word against Gordon during the twelve years he spent in the Soudan, nor did he hear one until he came among the General's own flesh and blood.

There is no doubt that Mr. Neufeld was badly treated in the stories which, on the evidence of spies, were believed against him. His obstinacy led to his being treated by the Khaleefa worse than any other of the captives, whereas, had he allowed himself to be "educated," he might have been one of the trusted councillors of the tyrant. But his book is more than a vindication of his conduct in captivity; it is a most valuable addition to the literature of the Soudan, and of the dark days when Khartoum was cut off from the civilised world by the savagery of the Dervishes.

Healing Words.

Faith-Healing and "Christian Science." By Alice Feilding. (Duckworth.)

It was in 1896 that Sir Douglas Galton congratulated an audience of some three hundred people because, "in the heart of this great and sin-burdened London," a fitting temple had been found for "the Christ-Truth that was come to fulfil the whole law." The old Jewish synagogue in Bryanston-street was the fane alluded to, and from that focus the gospel of Mrs. Eddy has been spread abroad. Mrs. Feilding, in a spirit of scientific inquiry, has thought it worth while to make a serious examination of the claims made by the apostles of the new light, and to assay the evidences on which they are based.

Her book is therefore, to describe it very generally, concerned with two principal matters: first, with the parallels which history offers to the remarkable results which are alleged to follow upon the treatment of these mystics—the contrasts and the points of similarity; secondly, with an examination of the written word, with a view to the uncovering of any sound coherent principle which may be obscured by its unfamiliar phraseology.

Of the many historical cases of well-authenticated cures wrought by means that, to empirical science, appear certainly inefficient, one of the most picturesque is the grace believed by many generations to reside in royal hands laid upon the scrofulous. Evelyn thus graphically describes the operation as it might be witnessed in his own day:

His Majesty sitting under his state in the Banqueting House, the Chirurgeons cause the sick to be brought or led up to the Throne, where they kneeling, the King strokes their faces or cheeks with both his hands at once, at which instant a Chaplaine in his formalities said: "He put his hands on them and healed them." This is said to everyone in particular. When they have all been touched they come up again in the same order; and the

other Chaplaine kneeling, and having angel-gold strung on white ribbon on his arms, delivers them one by one to his Majesty, who puts them about the necks of the touched as they pass, whilst the first Chaplaine repeats: "That is the true light who came into the world." . . .

In the Middle Ages the Waldenses and Moravians made the immediate cure of disease in answer to prayer an article of faith; George Fox, the founder of the Society of Friends, wrought many cures, according to the testimony of his own Journal; the Jumpers, the Shakers, the Jerkers, the Mormons, and even the sober Methodists, in the days of their first fervour, could allege such Divine interpositions. The Pietist movement in Germany, by the abundance of its prodigies, carried even the Faculty off its feet. Outwardly the methods employed varied; in most cases some kind of prayer or exorcism was used. Valentine Greatrakes, called the Stroker, an old Cromwellian soldier, had it borne in upon him that he could touch efficaciously for the Evil. He set aside three days a week for the exercise of his faculty. His simple method was to lay his hand upon the part affected and to pray: "God Almighty heal thee, for His mercy's sake." He had a vast success, as bishops testified. Mesmer used wands and darkness and frankincense and magnetised trees. If you have a sufficiently impressive manner, you may easily cure a child's warts by solemnly disposing a leaf beneath a stone and assuring him that within a week the leaf and the warts will have vanished away. Such cures, indeed, says Dr. Carpenter, are the best established of all. You may go further afield and find the like phenomena among peoples who have even less in common than Mesmer and George Fox.

But one thing, Mrs. Feilding makes it clear, is common to all these manifestations: they follow upon some kind of rite, or occur amid circumstances fitted to produce in the mind of the patient a strong confidence, and to wind him up to a rigid attitude of expectation. How it happens that such conditions of mind affect nerves and muscles to the point of healing long-established functional disorders, to say nothing of organic mischief, it will be the business of the dissecting-room and the laboratory to find out, if they can; it will provide them with subjects of speculation for generations enough. We cannot follow Mrs. Feilding into her disquisition on Mental Therapeutics, with all the knotted horrors of efferent, afferent, sensori-motor, affero-efferro, of cortical centres and ideational centres, and neuro-physiological interworkings. And we must leave on one side, too, the controversies of the Salpêtrière school, with Charcot at its head, and the school founded by Liébeault at Nancy for the particular study of hypnotic phenomena. It is time to get more closely to Mrs. Eddy.

Christian Science, a Key to the Scriptures, of which she is the author, appeared in 1866, and is now in its 155th edition. The moment when the new gospel was launched was a propitious one. The American public was ripe for a revolt against the prevalent materialism; the inbred reverence for the Bible which, if it had temporarily grown cold, is none the less a part of the national character (as it is of our own), was warming to a second spring; and the rush and racket of the people's incredible activity was bearing a copious harvest of nervous disorders. The half-educated formed nine-tenths, let us say (and a very creditable proportion, as nations go), of the general population; reverent of learning, quite incapable of discriminating it from its ape. And Mrs. Eddy, quite as indiscriminating as any of them, was admirably equipped, by a nodding acquaintance with theology, metaphysics, and science, and the gift of a tenacious and resonant memory, to give them the thing they longed for. Words were Mrs. Eddy's *baquet*, her magnetic tree, her pomp of court, her royal priesthood—words, words, words. Five hundred pages of them in her book. To a reader familiar with the sober use of metaphysical terms, her explanations and her definitions are mere jargon—are the astonishing offspring

of a riotous imagination playing, in the light of half-grasped notions gathered at a distance from Hegel or Berkeley or Spinoza or St. Thomas, upon high-sounding, mysterious polysyllables. We must content ourselves with quoting almost at random. Here is—would you believe it?—a definition:

Matter, Mythology, Mortality [synonyms!]; another name for mortal mind; illusion; intelligence, substance and life in non-intelligence and mortality; life resulting in death, and death in life; sensation in the sensationless; mind originating in matter; the opposite of Truth; the opposite of Spirit; the opposite of God; that of which immortal mind takes no cognisance; that which mortal mind [already identified with this mysterious trilogy] sees, feels, tastes, and smells in belief.

Mortal mind plays a great part. It designates, we are luminously told, "something that has no real existence": such things as "passions and appetites, depraved will, envy, deceit, hatred, revenge, disease, death." One conjectures that somebody once told Mrs. Eddy that St. Thomas, following St. Augustine, resolved evil into non-entity; not, of course, in the sense that it had no existence, but in the sense that it is found, upon analysis, to be an absence of good: as poverty is defect of wealth, or pride defect of sound judgment in the comparison of ourselves with our neighbour. A person who can "define" God as "the divine principle" may be depended upon to exemplify most of the possible fallacies of deductive logic. Thus we are told that "the metaphysics of Christian Science prove the rule by inversion." "There is no pain in Truth and [sc. therefore, for it is a proof] there is no truth in pain." She regrets that Ontology receives less attention than Physiology, and relates the following improving anecdote:

It is related that a father, anxious to try such an experiment, plunged his infant babe, only a few hours old, into water for several minutes, and repeated this operation daily, until the child could remain under water twenty minutes, moving and playing without harm, like a fish. Parents should remember this, and so learn how to develop their children properly on dry land.

But why on dry land? And what, in the name of all that is mysterious, does Mrs. Eddy suppose Ontology to mean?

The author of the *Key to the Scriptures* has been hailed as a teacher "second only to One." It was proper, therefore, that she should give to her disciples a form of prayer and a confession of faith. This is it:

Our Father and Mother God, all-harmonious, Adorable One.

Thy kingdom is come,

Good is ever-present and omnipotent.

Enable us to know—as in Heaven, so in earth—

God is all in all.

Give us grace for to-day; feed Thou the famished affections;

And Divine Love is reflected in love;

And leaveth us not in temptation, but delivereth us from all evil—sin, disease, and death.

For God is omnipresent Good, Substance, Life, Truth, Love.

And here is some part of a prayer proper to a cure of dyspepsia. It was composed by an apostle of the cult:

Holy Reality! We BELIEVE in Thee that Thou art EVERYWHERE present. We *really* believe it. . . . Forgive us our sins in that we have talked this day about our backaches, that we have told our neighbours that our food hurts us, that we mentioned to a visitor that there was a lump in our stomach, that we have wasted our valuable time . . . in worrying for fear that our stomach would grow worse. . . . We know, Father and Mother of us all, that there is no such thing as a really diseased stomach . . . that the mortal mind is a twist, a distortion, a false attitude, the HARMATIA [blessed word!] of thought . . . Help us to stoutly affirm, with our hand in Your hand, with our eyes fixed on Thee, that we have no Dyspepsia . . . that there is no such thing . . . that there never will be any such thing. Amen.

In fine, what shall we say of Mrs. Eddy and the swarm of rivals and imitators that clusters about her? That they are impostors, charlatans, greedy quacks? God forbid. It is within the range of the most moderate charity to suppose them honest, pious persons, who, in the midst of their extravagancies, act in perfect good faith. It is almost certain that from the means they employ excellent results have issued; that the squadrons and legions of their high-sounding words have very effectively produced the atmosphere that, in accordance with laws unknown, has set free natural forces by which the mind has been able to rectify the misgearings of the bodily organs and to heal their sickness. But their theories (if minds so confused and undisciplined may rightly be credited with a theory) are as loose, as incoherent, as troublesome to an inquirer who seeks clear vision as dream stuff.

Mrs. Feilding has done her work well; she is moderate, rational, and patient; but one may be permitted to doubt whether hers is not to a large extent lost labour. She is not likely to persuade the class which the *Key to the Scriptures* is fit to convince, and which does, in fact, in many cases profit by its application; and the others, above or below it, need no persuasion.

A Fine Artist.

Twelve Portraits. By William Nicholson. (Heinemann.)

To Mr. William Nicholson belongs the credit of introducing a new form of portraiture. We do not mean that he reflected thus: "I will give the public something new, something that will startle them into interest," but that within himself was the impulse to see things in a new way—that is, his own way. In a word, consciously or unconsciously we know not, he turned his back on the past,



MR. GLADSTONE. BY W. NICHOLSON.

ignored the schools, and looked with his own eyes. A difficult thing: indeed, of such is the kingdom of genius. The result is the remarkable series of portraits which have been published separately from time to time, and are now issued, with some additions, loose and mounted, in a canvas portfolio of a pleasant green hue. Mr. Nicholson's art is not caricature, although at first glance it might seem so. He just gives us the real man or woman seen in a flash of insight, with that characteristic note that distinguishes one

man from another and makes an individual of him. He uses colour sparingly, but always rightly. His figures are alive—when they stand they stand, when they walk they walk, and when they sit they are seated. And he knows how to mass his blacks. He is no flatterer, this observer of the essential; but none of his sitters could object to his presentment of them. We doubt if a truer portrait of the Queen has ever been done than his simple,



LORD ROBERTS. BY W. NICHOLSON.

spacious, dignified drawing. His Mr. Cecil Rhodes is the man himself; how few the lines, yet how they tell. There is a grim integrity about his Archbishop of Canterbury that fascinates and holds the attention. Mark the power in the hands, and how the ink-spilled background helps the composition. The two examples we give carry the reduction in size well, but the inevitable absence of colour takes much from them. Yet, even in the small size, how personal is the Lord Roberts, how deft the arrangement of the battalion in the plain beneath, how fine the sense of distance. And the Mr. Gladstone! Is it not the aged, loose-limbed, dignified statesman himself? Mr. Nicholson is a fine artist. He works in a simple medium, and therein he has won a great reputation.

The Real "Ghetto."

The Ghetto. A Drama in Four Acts, freely adapted from the Dutch of Herman Heijermans, junior. By Chester Bailey Fernald. (Heinemann.)

IN the interests alike of his own reputation and that of his author, Mr. C. B. Fernald was well advised in publishing his adaptation of *The Ghetto*. Not that the play, even in the form in which we may now read it, is a play of the highest significance or value, but it is undeniably more worthy of attention than the mutilated version produced at the Comedy Theatre. Of the alterations in detail we need not speak here. They are sufficiently glaring to strike anyone who has seen the play acted. But there is one alteration which affects the entire atmosphere, the whole framework, of the piece which it is necessary to point out. The Comedy "Ghetto" is dated 1817. The real *Ghetto* is dated "the present day." It is easy to see how much difference a change of this kind may make in a play of the naturalistic school. *The Ghetto* strikes the modern note, it is conceived from the standpoint of to-day,

its characters use the modern idiom and are in touch with modern ideas. There is a flavour of Herbert Spencer and the Higher Criticism about them. Put them back ninety years and they appear ridiculous. Whether this change of date was made with Mr. Fernald's consent we do not know, but it seems to us to destroy the value of the acted play.

Turning to the drama itself, as we now see it in print, certain merits become clear which were obscured in the acted version, though, on the other hand, certain defects also become prominent. The character of the young Jew Rafael, which was unintelligible in the hands of a melodramatic actor like Mr. Bellew, becomes coherent, or, at least, credible, when considered from the realistic standpoint. Rafael is not a hero commanding the undivided sympathy of the crowd. He is merely a rather conceited young man of coarse fibre finding himself in a situation he has neither the intellect nor the heart to cope with. He is married to his father's Christian servant Rosa. As the hero of a melodrama it is his business to proclaim the fact to his father and the world and go forth a beggar to make his fortune. That is what Mr. Bellew would have liked him to do. The real Rafael is fashioned on quite other lines. "In a month Hanakoff would have played my symphony," he says.

ROSA: Would have! Why not, then?

RAFAEL: Why not? It won't be possible, Rosa.

ROSA: It must be possible! Why not? Why not?

RAFAEL: Well, because the Symphony isn't finished, and in the time when I thought to finish it I shall be working with my hands to keep us from starving. . . .

ROSA: Rafael, you shall not tell your father! . . .

And Rafael consents.

This is not the hero of romance, but the calculating and not very intelligent young Jew. Again, the Rafael who rebukes his father for sordid commercialism and systematic dishonesty while continuing to live on his father's gains and under his father's roof, is scarcely the heroic *poseur* of Mr. Bellew. In a word, Rafael is not a sympathetic figure. And the same is true of almost every other person in the cast. They are all of them conceived in the unsympathetic vein, and the one really considerable merit of the author's which emerges from an examination of his play is his courage. His character drawing is relentless. He has selected a repulsive environment for his drama—a vulgar, sordid world which, for aught we know, may not in the least resemble the Jewish quarter of Amsterdam. But having chosen it, he selects his characters to fit it. And if the result is not a very agreeable play, it is undeniably a courageous one.

It is curious that a dramatist who could boldly select a repulsive background for his piece, and fill it with repulsive figures, could yet allow himself at times to slip from the realistic into the melodramatic mood. The quieter scenes of the play are all realistic to the last degree, and in a sombre way decidedly effective. But in the more emotional moments realism is slung to the winds, and the action becomes frankly stagey. Rafael finds two young Jews insulting Rosa. From the realistic standpoint this is hardly the moment for farcical absurdities; but Mr. Fernald (or Mr. Heijermans, if the fault be his) becomes frankly farcical. Rafael's interview with Rebecca is equally untrue to life. At times, notably at the end of Act iii., the author's "sense of the theatre" seems to be at fault; but, indeed, this is the weakest act in the play. One word as to the translation. Mr. Fernald was probably right in keeping the style down to the conversational level, though even here in moments of passion a less pedestrian manner might have been used with advantage; but he must guard against his habit of slipping into blank verse. This is excusable, though not always agreeable, in a poetical play such as "The Moonlight Blossom"; but a humble inhabitant of a ghetto would hardly open a conversation with

Have trade and traffic gone to bed for Sabbath?

Fiction.

Gusto.

Little Novels of Italy. By Maurice Hewlett. (Chapman & Hall. 6s.)

We have before remarked on Mr. Hewlett's joy of living—his gusto; and here again, in his new book, it is his first characteristic. His gusto is immense, enough for himself and all his readers: a gusto that sweeps one into its course like a March wind, and carries one with it. At the beginning of his first story, "Madonna of the Peach-Trees," is a scene of laundry girls washing clothes by the Ponte Navi at Verona. With what an air Mr. Hewlett presents it; with what robust pleasure in the doing!

Having spat into the water many times, rubbed his hands, mopped his head, and cursed most things under heaven and some in it, Master Baldassare found himself watching the laundresses on the shore. They were the usual shrill, shrewd, and laughing line—the trade seems to induce high mirth—and as such no bait for the old merchant by ordinary; but just now the sun and breeze together made a bright patch of them, set them at a provoking flutter. Baldassare, prickly with dust, found them like their own cool linen hung out to dance itself dry in the wind. Most of all, he noticed Vanna, whom he knew well enough, because when she knelt upright she was taller and more wayward than the rest, and because the wind made so plain the pretty figure she had. She was very industrious, but no less full of talk; there seemed so much to say! The pauses were frequent in which she straightened herself from the hips, and turned to thrust chin and voice into the debate. You saw then the sharp angle, the fine line of light along that raised chin, the charming turn of the neck, her free young shoulders and shapely head; also you marked her lively tones of *ci* and *si*, and how her slaking finger drove them home. The wind would catch her yellow hair, sometimes, and wind it across her bosom like a scarf; or it streamed sideways like a long pennon; or, being caught by a gust from below, sprayed out like a cloud of litten gold. Vanna always joined in the laugh at her mishap, tossed her tresses back, pinned them up (both hands at the business); and then, with square shoulders and elbows stiff as rods, set to working the dirt out of Don Urbano's surplice. Baldassare brooded, chewing straws. What a clear colour that girl had to be sure! What a lissom rascal it was!

Throughout his work Mr. Hewlett is at this high pressure, as though he wrote at sunrise. Hence a vinous exhilarating book; a book with the rush and merriment of a crisping wave.

Notable is it also for vivid pictorial effects. Italy is the land of colour, and little novels of Italy must have colour too. From beneath any illustrator Mr. Hewlett has cut away the ground, so living are these written pictures; even an illustration in colour would have little left to do. Here is Vanna, for instance, in the story from which we have quoted, "Madonna of the Peach-Trees":

Giovanna, flower in the face as she was, fit to be nose-gay on any hearth, posy for any man's breast, sprang in a very lowly soil. Like a blossoming reed she shot up to her inches by Adage, and one forgot the muddy bed wondering at the slim grace of the shaft with its crown of yellow atop. Her hair waved about her like a flag; she should have been planted in a castle; instead, Giovanna the stately calm, with her billowing line, staid lips, and candid grey eyes, was to be seen on her knees by the green water most days of the week. Bare-armed, splashed to the neck, bare-headed, out-at heels, she rinsed and pommelled, wrung and dipped again, laughed, chattered, flung her hair to the wind, her sweat to the water, in line with a dozen other women below the Ponte Navi.

And in landscape the same colouring hand is at work. Amilcare and Molly's journey to Rome, in "The Duchess of Nona," gives the example:

They made Rome a day or two after . . . ; trailed across the bleached marches (with the Sabine Hills like a blue hem beyond); caught the sun at Cervetri, and entered the dusty town by the Porta Cavallegieri on one of those beaten white noons when the shadows look to be cut out of ebony, and the wicked old walls forbidden to keep still. The very dust seems alive, quivering and restless under heel. St. Peter's Church, smothered in rush mats, was a-building, the marble blocks had the vivid force of lightning; two or three heretic friars were being haled by the Ponte Sant' Angelo to a burning in the Vatican.

But gusto and colour are, after all, only among the minor achievements of a novelist. We are glad to have them, but other qualities must come first. Knowledge of men and a power of conviction are in the van. Mr. Hewlett, in this book, is to seek in both. His stories move royally in that gay and forceful way of his, charming, amusing, stimulating; and there's an end. They do not persuade, they do not satisfy. They remain just entertainment, when we are hoping that the line will be overpassed and a new scene in the human drama displayed. We read them, delight in them, put them down—tales, tales! More, the suspicion creeps upon us that a whole book of such work is beneath Mr. Hewlett's genius: one story, "The Judgment of Borso" say, just to show that in this department of narration he is expert, were sufficient; after that he might bend his mind to something really worthy. For these little novels are superficial at best, not all their author's array of resolute words, not all his gusto, not all his warm colouring, has altered that. Giovanna, Madonna of the peach-trees, pursued from Verona by a hooting rabble, and returning mysteriously at night to be mistaken for the Blessed Virgin and to kindle in the town a blaze of pious fervour; Ippolita, beauty of Padua, so beset by lovers and their absurd ceremonies that she flies to the hills with the goatherds, and mates with the laziest of them; Molly Lovell, daughter of an English wharfinger, in those kissing times which so enraptured Erasmus, forced by an overweening husband to offer poison to Caesar Borgia and dying of her humanity; Monna Selvaggia, beloved of Messer Cino da Pistoja, poet and friend of Dante, but loved only as a poetical idea, not as a reality; and lastly Bellaroba, slim Venetian and child of nature, wed most irregularly to the impudent Angioletto, and winning the favour of the wise Duke Borso—none of these wayward children (for they are little else) do more than please us. Neither they nor their lovers ever convince, ever touch us. Mr. Hewlett has yet to learn the art of so stating a thing that question seems impossible. At present he merely relates, he does not prove. Indeed, in all these narratives of real persons there is less persuasiveness and illusion of reality than in their author's confessedly improbable play of *Pan and the Young Shepherd*, which still represents his high-water mark.

But pleasing these bubbling stories remain, to a degree seldom if ever attained by any other living writer: even the one or two that end tragically, since, in the absence of the proof of which we have spoken, their gloomy issue hardly touches us. The impression, as a whole, is pleasure unalloyed. Both in variety, in charm, and in fun "The Judgment of Borso" comes first—a dainty, audacious piece of comedy in Mr. Hewlett's own vein. If Angioletto and his Bellaroba remind the reader over much of Prosper le Gai and Isoult la Desirous—well, it is no very serious matter. In adhering to a favourite type of puppet Mr. Hewlett indulges himself in good company.

To sum up, Mr. Hewlett is in no need to strive for tenderer humour or gayer fancy, for increase of gusto or the pictorial gift. These are his in brave profusion. But if he is to do the work which we hope to see from his hand, he must toil hard and continually for a deeper vision of the human heart, and that power of conviction without which the prettiest story in the world is only pretty.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final.
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

A SAILOR'S BRIDE.

BY GUY BOOTHBY.

The latest product of Mr. Boothby's incredible phonograph. By way of frontispiece, a sturdy Englishman throttles an Asiatic with one hand and with the other prevents him from using a gigantic knife. In the end the sailor's bride remarks: "Was it not at sea, and under the most terrible circumstances, that my husband and I learnt to love each other?" Of course it was. (F. V. White. 5s.)

TERENCE.

BY B. M. CROKER.

An Irish novel by a favourite Irish novelist, dedicated to the Irish Tourist Development. An old soldier, Patrick Ryan, talks sagely in a rich brogue. "I was recommended for the Cross," he says; "but I'm drawing sixpence a day instead, and may be it's better. Sure there's not wan hereabouts that knows a V.C. when they sees it, and I feels in me bones as I surely earned it." (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF
ISRAEL PENDRAY.

BY SILAS K. HOOKING.

Cornish Methodism. The hero is converted on page 25 and immediately begins preaching, from which point we have his recollections of evangelical work in Cornwall in the time of Wesley, with whom the hero works. Smuggling and witchcraft and adventure and love enter into the story, which is laid at St. Ives and Redruth. (Warne & Co. 3s. 6d.)

THE PARSON AND THE FOOL.

BY W. WOOLLAM.

The author in his preface quotes the *Standard* as saying of him that he is "certainly a writer with that real interest in the problems of human character and development which is the first of the novelist's qualifications." The story is a serious study of an unselfish man, never quite able, owing to external conditions, to express himself, to develop on his own lines. (Downey.)

THE RIVAL CHIEFS.

BY S. M. LYNE.

A romance of the Hebrides, opening at the latter end of the last century on an island occupied by two branches of the Clan Maclean who did not mix and rarely crossed the stream that separated their domains. Love and legendry, shipwreck and a gathering of the clans, throw varying colours on the story. (Aberdeen: Moran & Co. 3s. 6d.)

HER PART.

BY A. N. MOUNT ROSE.

A pleasant story of village life considered as an epitome of town life. This is how the Oaks Mansion, newly occupied by the heroine, is rated by the village fathers: "'Whoy, the Hoaks 'as allus bin put in much too low. Net for gross you know. £20, whoy, she be a payin' more'n forty, as I 'ear. Well, neow, if you puts it down at £50, I says 'as 'ow that will take about a fardin' in the pound off your cottages an' moine, down i' Row.' . . . 'Well worth troyin', James—well worth troyin', that is,' and straight down went a note." (Burleigh. 6s.)

BABY WILKINSON'S V.C.,
AND OTHER STORIES.

BY LIEUT.-COL. N. NEWNHAM-DAVIS.

Eighteen humorous adventure stories of Indian life. One tells how General Bundobast, in "A Regimental Scandal," sighs for the days when "soldiers were soldiers." "We were as nice a lot of boys . . . as the service has ever seen. There was Jacky Carr . . . and Bobby Fathead, who died of drink at Lucknow; and Jumpy Jameson, who took to tub-thumping, and died a dean or a devil-dodger of some kind or another; and little Billy Cadogan, the most awful little demon on a horse that ever was, and, next to Jameson, the most awful devil with the women

that was ever created; and there was myself"—and the old general drew himself up and winked at Admiral Furbelow, who, in return, told him that he was the hottest young fellow that the Almighty ever put breath into." (Downey & Co. 6s.)

AN ENGLISHMAN.

BY MARY L. PENDERED.

A long and very full narrative of life in provincial England—in Mercia, as the author designates it. The "Englishman" is of yeoman stock, a good fellow to the core, but with an escutcheon on which trade has set her alleged smudge. None the less, Maia Lovel, true aristocrat, marries him and is happy. A pretty, leisurely, wholesome book. (Methuen. 6s.)

A FAIR IMPERIALIST.

BY V. J. LEATHERDALE.

A rather self-conscious novel of the day. "I wonder, my harmless, necessary Nell," says Major Carew to his daughter, "if you would fetch me the book I ordered yesterday?" Do majors thus play with Shakespearian phrase? The story, however, is not all affected talk: there is incident, too, and some interesting fencing. (Unwin. 6s.)

THE VALLEY OF SAPPHIRES.

BY MAYNE LINDSAY.

Several short stories, mostly Indian, from the magazines. The first concerns a valley where the children play with sapphires as with pebbles. "It seems an established fact that the Valley of Sapphires is not the fruit of a lively fancy." And yet the Klondike is crowded. (Ward, Lock & Co. 3s. 6d.)

MY DEAR SIR.

BY HARRY B. VOGEL.

Dick Dysart thought it would be a grand thing if his friend Maillard, who had just written a successful play, should marry the lovely daughter of the Duke of Deveron. So he induced Maillard to take a tutorship in the ducal household, to which he (Dysart) had been appointed. "The one thing of all things for Tiny," murmured Dick to himself, "is a sweet, good wife. The idea is redolent of possibilities." Perhaps, but the book is redolent of impossibilities. (Pearsons, Ltd. 3s. 6d.)

PURPLE AND FINE LINEN.

BY W. PIGOTT.

A romance of undergraduates and mystery. In the first chapter is a letter in cipher running thus:

86.5..6.7.7.6.8..1281329.2.
7.3.250212.6.2818..4..5.5.128.
24..802.3.18..282..4.3..8.
5.02.3.187.8.3.0

This, we need hardly say, means:

To-morrow at daybreak. A boat will await. Be watchful. Be true.

Exciting adventures off Scotland follow. (Cassell. 6s.)

THE STEPMOTHER.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER.

Another of Mrs. Alexander's busy stories of pleasant people and love troubles. One of her new characters talks like this: "The extraordinary sympathy with Nature, which some people are so proud of, argues a substratum of *sauvagerie*, which puts the arts and sciences *hors concours*." (F. V. White. 6s.)

WAYFARERS ALL.

BY LESLIE KEITH.

A quiet novel, with chapter titles to this pattern: "Walnut Tree Walk," "Gleams of Sunshine," "A Simple Wedding," "Aunt Catherine." (Jarrold. 6s.)

THE ADVENTURES OF A

BY BEATRICE

LADY PEARL-BROKER.

HERON-MAXWELL.

A lady pearl-broker is a lady who sells pearls on commission in society, and runs risks of being robbed of £20,000 worth of jewellery at a time. This is the story of such a lady's adventures. It is not wanting in excitement. (New Century Press.)

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Editorial and Publishing Offices, 43, Chancery-lane.

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A New Lamb Letter.

By the kindness of Mr. George A. Gutch, I am permitted to make public a hitherto-unpublished letter written by Charles Lamb to John Matthew Gutch, his friend and schoolfellow at Christ's Hospital. The missive is valuable as a further illustration of Lamb's freakish mischief, and in adding another to our too slender store of his epistolary hoaxes, the best specimen of which is perhaps the letter to Manning in China, dated Christmas Day, 1815, with its awful list of death's ravages: "Coleridge is just dead, having lived just long enough to close the eyes of Wordsworth," and so forth. The story of the new letter seems to be this: At Midsummer, 1800, by invitation of his old schoolfellow, John Matthew Gutch, Lamb moved with his sister to rooms in a house in Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane (since demolished), where Gutch, with his partner Anderson, carried on the business of a law stationer. Gutch, who was then twenty-five, was at the time courting Miss Wheeley, who became his first wife. Miss Wheeley was the daughter of a coachmaker at Birmingham, whither Gutch had to travel to pursue his suit. Lamb took advantage of one of those visits to make the lover exceedingly uncomfortable by means of the following letter. It is inscribed on foolscap, the first side being closely packed in handwriting which quite suggests that some serious matter is afoot. There is no date. Rob, who is mentioned at the close, was Robert Lloyd, the son of the Quaker banker of Birmingham, and a correspondent of Lamb's:

DEAR GUTCH, — Anderson is not come home, and I am almost afraid to tell you what has happen'd, lest it should seem to have happen'd by my fault in not writing for you home sooner.—

This morning Henry, the eldest lad, was missing, we suppos'd he was only gone out on a morning's stroll, and that he would return, but he did not return and we discovered that he had opened your desk before he went & I suppose taken all the money he could find, for on diligent search I could find none, and on opening your Letter to Anderson, which I thought necessary to get at the key, I learn that you had a good deal of money there. Several people have been here after you to day, and the boys seem quite frightened, and do not know what to do.

In particular, one gentleman wants to have some writings finished by Tuesday—For God's sake set out by the first coach. Mary has been crying all day about it, and I am now just going to some law stationer in the neighbourhood, that the eldest boy has recommended, to get him to come and be in the house for a day or so, to manage. I cannot think what detains Anderson. His sister is quite frightened about him. I am very sorry I did not write yesterday, but Henry persuaded me to wait till he could ascertain when some job must be done (at the furthest) for Mr. Foulkes, and as nothing had occurred besides I did not like to disturb your pleasures. I now see my error, and shall be heartily ashamed to see your

[That is as far as the letter goes on the first page. We

then turn over, and find (as Gutch to his immense relief found before us) written right across both pages:]

A Bite!!!

Anderson is come home, and the wheels of thy business are going on as ever. The boy is honest, and I am thy friend.

And how does the coach-maker's daughter? Thou art her Phaeton, her Gig, and her Sociable. Commend me to Rob.

C. LAMB.

Saturday.

It is a pity that this is the only letter from Lamb to Gutch, with the exception of the one printed by Canon Ainger, dated April 9, 1810, that has been preserved. But all, or nearly all, of his papers were destroyed; with those of Lamb perishing, in all probability, many equally characteristic letters of Coleridge.

E. V. LUCAS.

"All the Newest Books."

By a Quiet Man.

I DESIRE, as a plain man who loves his books, to exclaim a little on the Autumn Season. Have you seen the publishers' lists—yards and yards of announcements? Such alluring books, too; such pressing invitations! At first I was happy, saying: "This I will read, and this." But as I went on and on, as each choice was discounted by a better, as each vista fell away in a longer perspective, I grew dizzy and rebellious. Why this annual Sturbridge Fair of new books? Why this combined assault of the publishers on the reading Ego, and on all the precious loyalties of one's bookshelves? For it comes to that: one cannot read old books and new when the new come in myriads and all stepping together. It were useless to complain: this seasonal way of publishing and reading books is fixed among us; nor will I presume to lecture those who go to the Fair. I go myself. There is no resisting the blaze and the din.

I go, but one feels the disproportion between the huge output of even one autumn season and the little heap of books that will keep a man happy all his life. Books!—why even a few phrases, even tags and snatches of glorious verse which a man may write in his pocket-book, or carry in his head, are, if they have passed into the blood, wealth beyond the dreams of librarians. There was a boy at my old school who used to approach me in the dormitory with an intense gaze, and deliver himself, in a whisper, of the words—"Black Auster!" I thought him mad, until he grew more liberal and took me by the throat with Macaulay's verse:

The furies of thy brother
With me and mine abide,
If one of your accursed house
Upon black Auster ride!

A few years later we were roasting chestnuts in a garret, with London at our feet, and with Horace—Francis's Horace (with all the first lines in Latin)—to savour our young pessimism. I hear him rolling out the last verse of the Ode to Postumus:

Then shall your worthier heir discharge
And set th' imprison'd casks at large,
And dye the floor with wine,
So rich and precious, not the feasts
Of holy pontiffs cheer their guests
With liquor more divine.

It cheered us immensely to talk of "old Falernian," and drink weak tea, in those days. Well—my friend is the truest reader and lover of books that I know, and yet I should not meagrely sum up his past and present reading if I named only six writers: Macaulay (the *Lays*), Horace

(the *Odes*), Herrick, Malory, Scott, and Thackeray. To him the autumn publishing season is scarcely more than the wind that stirs the trees in his garden, "and they do make no noise." Yet new books reach him, and he can praise a hopeful writer or damn a "boomster" on as good grounds as you shall desire. Few mistakes are made in that house—in that house of wise prejudice. It is becoming rare to meet the man of one book. Yet I knew a bank clerk, who confided to me that his only poet was—Shenstone. And I knew a tea traveller who, when you lured him from politics, would kindle and confess that he had read *Paradise Lost* many times; but I could not find that he remembered more than five words of the poem. They were in the Sixth Book, in the passage where the Father surveys the doubtful battle of the angelic hosts, and commands the Son to end the conflict "since none but Thou can end it." I can see H— leaning forward in his arm-chair, all the man tendered and aflame, shaking a monitory finger as he cited the tremendous injunction:

Bring forth all my WAR.

Then, triumphing and fatigued, he would sink back, waving a hand, putting you at a distance, and warning you, as it were, not to say "How grand!"—since even to agree with him were a kind of levity! And once I supped with a poet who said to me: "There are two passages in all poetry which I find sovran for a black mood." "Repeat them." "The first is from 'Othello':

Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou owedst yesterday."

"And the second?" "The second is from Milton—you know the lines—Comus is recommending his cup to the Lady—none so potent, he tells her, to stir up joy,

Not that Nepenthes, which the wife of Thone
In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena."

What is all the hurly-burly of the Book-Mart to such moments and such preferences!

Preferences!—we need the word. Our critics hie up and down, saying "Lo, here!" and "Lo, there!"—but the man who only reads what he will, and loves what he reads, is apt to prove a good bookman. I looked into Chadwick's *Life of Defoe* the other day—a fantastic book—and was reminded of Lamb's indictment of Defoe's *Complete English Tradesman*, which he said he could burn for its tendency "to narrow and degrade the heart." Not so Mr. Chadwick: after enumerating all Defoe's works, not omitting the *Journal of the Plague* and *Robinson Crusoe*, he pronounces the *Complete English Tradesman* to be Defoe's masterpiece, and second to no work in the English language. Foolish! Well, but that is the way to love books, and all such solitary choosings and loyalties have a charm. Their genuineness is above suspicion. That is a sweet story that Hazlitt tells of Mr. Fearn, the tiger hunter, who "was buried in the woods of Indostan." He took a whim, and wrote a metaphysical book, and put it in his boat, and said, as he floated down the Ganges: "If I live, this will live: if I die, it will not be heard of." When the book was printed it fell dead from the Press; no one wanted it. But to the end of his life (he was buried in the woods of Indostan) Mr. Fearn used to say, "There was a sensible writer in the *Monthly Review* who saw the matter in its proper light."

That man is best fitted to buy new books in a crowd who reads old ones in his room. His judgment is encased by an atmosphere of memories and preferences through which only books of real pretension can win their way. Unhappy the man who goes into the book-mart without prejudices derived from a few good old books, long loved, and often read. With such tests and touchstones about us we may welcome the biggest "Autumn Season." Z.

Things Seen.

Renunciation.

To a valley by the sea—green, sheltered, secluded—came on this day for a picnic a score of shy pupil-teachers from a neighbouring training college. It also happened that on the same day fourteen seminarists from a neighbouring Roman Catholic training college came over in a brake to picnic in the green valley. I, who was walking by the sea, saw the black-coated, self-conscious seminarists arrive; saw them arrange a cloth on the sward; saw them spread their luncheon, tuck the tails of their black coats beneath them, and seat themselves, tailor-wise, for the repast. Hardly had they begun when a char-à-banc containing the young women appeared at the entrance of the valley. They too spread a cloth, at a discreet distance, and it seemed as if the luncheon parties were to proceed sedately and pleasantly, when cries of dismay arose from a group of pupil-teachers who were rummaging in the char-à-banc!

The luncheon-basket had been left behind.

Slowly, dejectedly, those who had been searching for the basket joined their companions around the table-cloth—spotless, bare, reproachful. Feminine lamentations swept through the peaceful valley. The seminarists gazed at the woe-begone maidens, and, as they gazed, a common thought moved through them, more searching than pity or condolence, something of that primordial instinct their training and vows had not wholly eradicated—the desire of man to comfort the Fair in distress. The impulse moved through them; then, as one man, they rose to their feet, bowed awkwardly to the young women, and, by means of nods and vague pointings, they offered what was meant to be an invitation to accept their repast. Then they scrambled to their feet and disappeared in a long black line over the sunlit sandhill.

Heroism.

FIVE friends—three men and two women—were staying at a small unfrequented place on the coast. It was their custom to bathe together at noon, but one day, as it happened, the bachelor of the party, who, on the analogy that among the blind the one-eyed is king, was also the best swimmer, was some minutes late at the bathing tents. His friends were already in the water. It was a temperate day, and before undressing he stood awhile on the crest of the shingly beach watching them sporting in the shallows of the tide, some fifty yards below. Also he saw, some distance out to sea, a black head bobbing on the waves. The swimmer was a venturesome distance from the shore, and the man thought, with some apprehension and not a little annoyance, "If he calls for help, I should have to—to—to save him. Whew!"

The thought drummed through his brain while he was undressing, troubling him; for, like most of us, he was at heart timid; but he had considered the matter and decided that should fate ever put him to the ordeal there could be but one course—some show of heroism at any cost. The obsession passed: soon he was stepping out into the sunshine, prepared to run gaily down the beach. But, as he came out of the tent, he saw in one swift, comprehensive glance, that his friends were no longer in the water: they were gathered in a group on the shore, gesticulating, beckoning wildly to him.

He looked out over the waters. The black head bobbing on the waves was no longer visible. The thought dinned in his head: "It has come, then!" and he staggered there in the sunshine.

His friends were still gesticulating and beckoning from the beach, and for a moment he was angry—angry that they should so unanimously, so insistently, relegate the

task to him. But the effort to save this man's life must be made: he must make it. That rushed with his blood. Then his eye caught sight of a boat a stone's-throw away, an old boat, swathed in canvas from gunwale to gunwale against the winter. Here was a compromise, an honest one, for he was not a good swimmer, and there and back with a body in tow, why it meant drowning; but here was a compromise. He raced along the shingle, the flints cutting his feet, tore and tugged and dragged at the canvas till it all lay in shreds on the ground, and then, the voices of his friends ringing in his ears, with a supreme call on his strength, he ran the old boat down the shelving beach, and plunged breathless, bleeding, wild-eyed into the midst of his friends. "What are you doing?" they cried. "Doing! doing!" he shouted, "he's drowning!"

"Seals, don't drown!" said one.

"Seals?"

"Yes, we shouted to you to come and look at a seal. It came quite close to us. Such a dear."

The Amateur Critic.

[FROM time to time we receive letters from correspondents in praise or disapproval of books new and old. Hitherto we have not made these amateur criticisms public, but in future, for awhile, beginning with this week, we propose to put a page of the ACADEMY at the service of the unprofessional commentator. To this page we also invite our readers to contribute remarks on striking or curious passages which they may meet with in their ordinary reading. No communication, we would point out, must exceed 300 words.]

A Forgotten Author.

Miss Hannah Lynch's graceful and, to me, very welcome paper on "A Forgotten Notable Novel" recalls to my mind an amusing experiment which was once tried by Mr. W. E. Henley in the columns of his famous *National Observer*. Instead of the usual batch of trenchant reviews, one week the editor declared that, as no books of importance had been published, he would fill up his pages with notices of some old ones. Thereupon books by such authors as Sir Walter Scott, Disraeli, and Thackeray were dealt with in true *National Observer* style. Now, it has occurred to me that when you are more than usually beset by the influx of new books, you might afford a pleasing contrast to your contemporaries by devoting your pages, or some of them, to reviews of a few old books. It is true that in the general way reprints of classical works get noticed, but in such cases the reviewer—if he calls attention to more than the format and print of the edition—turns out a very vague style of essay. Surely if Miss Lynch's example were followed, and some of the many books of merit that have been allowed too long to lie neglected were reviewed, not because they had been reprinted, but because they deserved to be known, a genuine service would be rendered to the reading public. May I mention the name of the Rev. C. R. Maturin, whose novels, and plays, seventy years ago, were not only suggestive to Sir Walter Scott, but undoubtedly influenced Victor Hugo and Honoré de Balzac, and generally did much for the romantic movement in France? In two of his novels, entitled *The Wild Irish Boy* and *Women*, issued respectively in 1808 and 1818, Maturin gives us early and not unsuccessful examples of the psychological romance. It would be a profitable undertaking to review these books in the light of modern thought. In *Melmoth the Wanderer*, which was re-issued by Messrs. Bentley some seven years ago, the public had an opportunity, which I fear it did not appreciate, of making the acquaintance of one phase of the work of this writer.

R. I.

Charles Wells's Stories.

A short time ago I chanced, in a second-hand bookshop, upon a copy of Charles Wells's very little-known *Stories after Nature*. The volume was neatly bound, its pages of hand-made paper were uncut, and its general air of freshness indicated at once that it was no second-hand book at all, but of the class that is known as "remainders." Its title-page gave 1891 as the date of publication, and showed that it was one of a limited edition of four hundred numbered copies. I was on the point of returning it to its place when my eye was arrested by the names "Rossetti" and "Swinburne" in the preface. Evidently this Charles Wells, whose name was entirely strange to me, was not, as I had supposed, one of your fine amateur men of letters who literally give the world the laboured results of half a lifetime of dainty toying with the pen. I paid the shilling demanded and the book became mine. My purchase, I found, was a volume of imaginative stories, full of the highest poetic feeling, and touched with a quaint old-world mannerism that had an indescribable charm. The preface, written by Mr. W. J. Linton, stated that the author was the Wells mentioned by Keats in his sonnet to a friend who sent him roses, and that the stories were first published anonymously in 1822. Their republication, I gathered, was due to just such an accident as that which had brought the volume into my possession. Mr. Linton had found the book on a bookstall, and he and his friends (among them D. G. Rossetti), to whom he showed it, immediately perceived its merit. "Rossetti," he says, "was minded to illustrate some of the stories." And Mr. Swinburne, who had it from Rossetti, found it "perfect in grace and power, tender and exquisite in choice of language, full of a noble and masculine delicacy in feeling and purpose." And yet with it all, the book is comparatively unknown. One can only wonder at the irony of fate that has allowed this gem of literature to fade from the memory of men.

WILFRED F. GROVES.

A Striking Book for Children.

I do not remember any extended notice in your own columns, or indeed anywhere, of a book which I do not hesitate to associate in the closest intimacy on my shelves with *The Water Babies* and *Bevis* and Mr. Stillman's *Billy and Hans*. This may seem extravagant praise, but *The Story of a Red Deer*, by the Hon. W. J. Fortescue, is so admirably told, is so full of the most intimate knowledge of nature, and presents so perfectly for both great and little children the life of the moors and the forests, that the judgment is just. Here, in pages which reveal the artist as well as the naturalist, is delicately drawn the life history of one of our last really wild animals from his baby calfhood up to the later years of the proud stagship. Incidentally, also, across the story come other wild things—the rabbit, the badger, the fox—all touched off with the charm and fancy which one too often misses in kindred attempts. Mr. Fortescue may not repeat such work as this, but he takes his place with Kingsley, Kipling, and Jefferies in that rare circle to whom nature has shown some of her secrets.

C. E. C.

The Howling Cheese.

Will you kindly use your valuable influence to persuade a publisher to give us a sixpenny edition of Herman Melville? I am equally tired of hearing this writer praised, and of having no opportunity of reading him. In your last number Stevenson is at it again: Melville is "a howling cheese" is his phrase—a howling cheese meaning, I take it, a howling swell. I have been reading books (with a special leaning towards those of the howling cheeses) for many years now, but never has a copy of *Omoo*, or *Typee*, or anything else of Melville's, come my way. I doubt not that there are various editions, but they must be strangely inaccessible. There cannot be one at sixpence, which is the new figure.

F. W. MORRIS.

A Great Undertaking.*

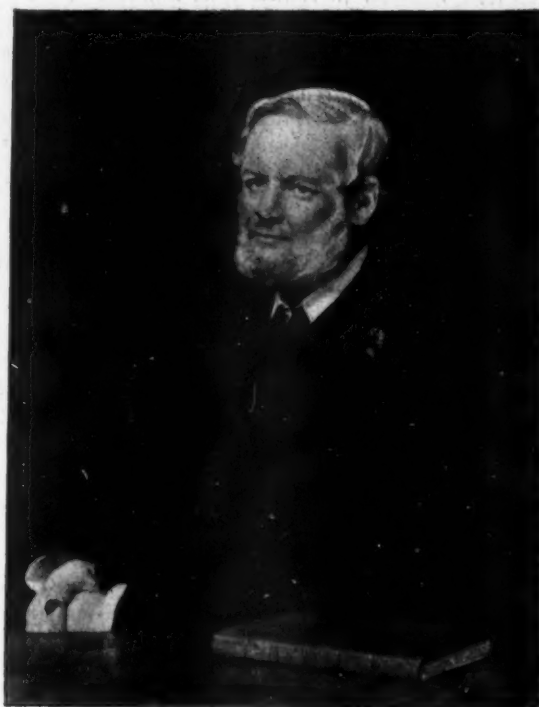
The World's Literature in Twenty Volumes.

SOMETHING is to be done at last to relieve the embarrassment of the immense number of people who want to read wisely and widely, but are discouraged by the extent of the field and their inability to choose. Heretofore attempts have been made to meet their case, but none of them have taken account of the sturdy ambition of the inquirers, whose wish it is to survey, and in some degree explore, the entire field of literature from the earliest times down to the present day. Clearly no "hundred books" can give the needful point of vantage, or, to vary the metaphor, a hundred hand-shakes with the literature of the world are not enough. A wider, and a more sympathetic and catholic, acquaintance is desired.

The means to such an acquaintance seems likely to be provided in *The Library of Famous Literature* which the *Standard* is about to issue to all who will avail themselves of its enterprise. In twenty large volumes we are offered "the distilled essence of sixty centuries of books."

It would be a sorry farce to throw such a collection before the public without providing an orderly arrangement of the selections, and some direct critical assistance. No such mistake has been made. The control of the series has been given to Dr. Richard Garnett, whose release from the Chief Librarianship of the British Museum is thus turned to the advantage of a wider reading public. With him are associated Prof. Brandl, of Berlin, M. Léon Vallée, Librarian of the Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris, and Mr. Donald G. Mitchell, better known as "Ik Marvel," who is responsible for the selections from American literature. We have next a strong corps of interpreters and critics, who provide introductory studies or essays on such periods and phases

of literature as seem to require elucidation. This is an admirable feature of the work, and the list of names given

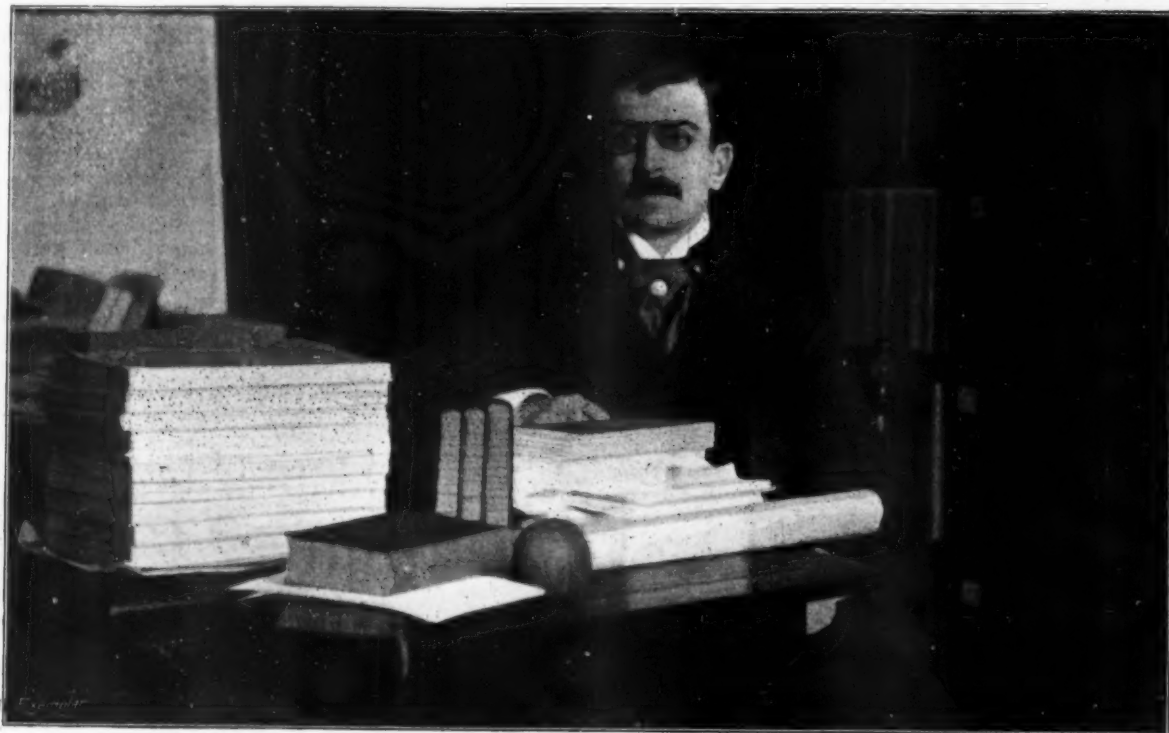


DR. GARNETT.

From the recent picture by the Hon. John Collier.

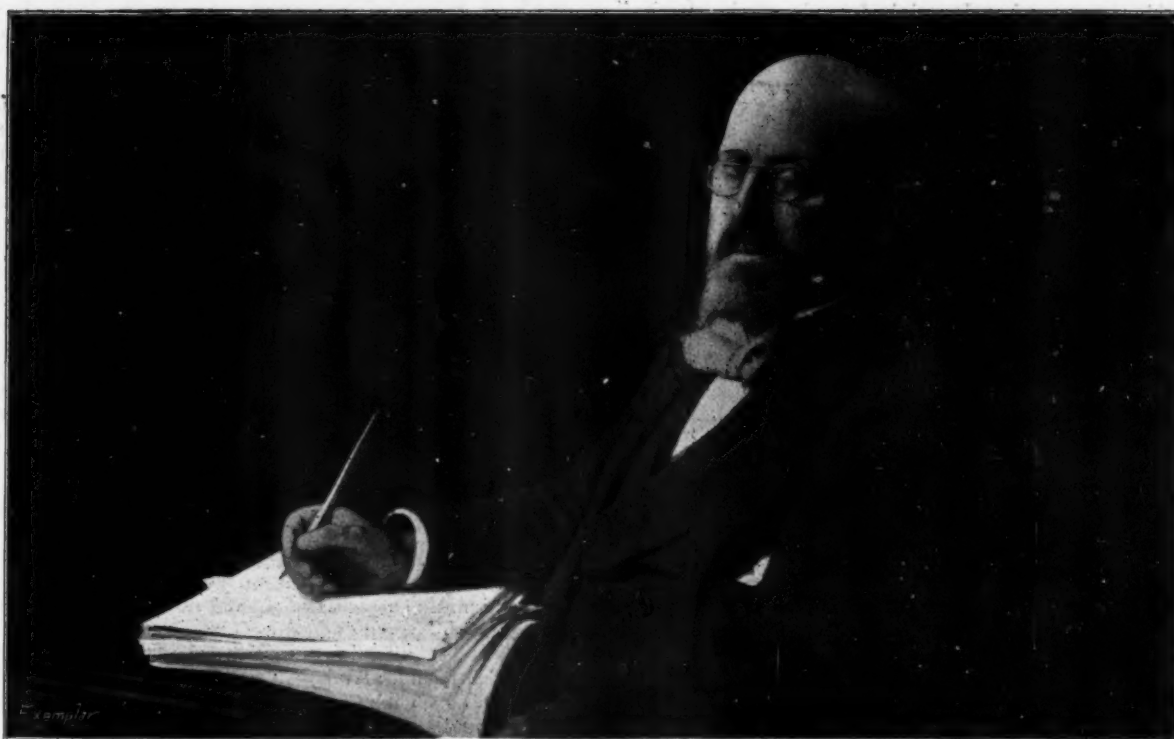
inspires every confidence. Thus Mr. Henry James sketches the "Rise of the Novel" to its present position and attempts a forecast of its future. That eminent French

* *The Library of Famous Literature*. Edited by Dr. Richard Garnett. 20 vols. (Publishing Offices of the *Standard*.)



M. FERDINAND BRUNETIÈRE.

One of the Contributors to the "Library of Famous Literature."



MR. HENRY JAMES.

One of the Contributors to the "Library of Famous Literature."

critic, Ferdinand Brunetière, writes on "French Poetry," especially the poetry of the nineteenth century. Maurice Masterlinck writes on the "Development of the Drama since Shakespeare." Armando Palacio Valdés, the Spanish novelist, has something to say on the "Decadence of Modern Literature." Sir Walter Besant discusses "Novels that have made History." Paul Bourget writes upon a topic close to his chosen field, "The Evolution of Literary Criticism" at the hands of Sainte-Beuve, Taine, and Matthew Arnold. Bret Harte, pioneer of the American short story, writes on "The Rise of the Short Story." Emile Zola contributes a militant essay on "Naturalism and Romanticism"; Dr. Edward Dowden on "The Elizabethan Era and its Influence on English Literature"; Dean Farrar on "The Literature of Religious Apologia and Criticism"; Comte E. Melchior de Vogüé on "The Great Years of Russian Literature"; Prof. Pasquale Villari, of Florence, on "The Renaissance and the Beginning of Modern Literature"; Mr. Donald G. Mitchell on "The Greater Literature of the World"; Dr. Henry Smith Williams on "The Literature of Science," and Mr. Andrew Lang on "The Progress of Literature in the Nineteenth Century"—all these render service which must prove valuable to readers and to serious students. Indeed, the advance proofs we have seen of many of these articles enable us to say that this will be so.

An important point is, that under each period the reader will find not only writings which belong to it in point of time, but also any writings which throw light on the period, though they may have been written centuries later. This is an excellent plan, for most readers like to be guided by writers whom they have learned to trust. To take an example, under the age of Homer will be found extracts from Matthew Arnold's lectures on translating Homer.

The result achieved by the application of these principles and methods is best judged by taking up a volume of *The Library* at random. Here is Volume IV. It opens with Gibbon's narrative of the capture of Jerusalem, from the *Decline and Fall*. Next we have Edward Fairfax's

rendering of Tasso's account of Godfrey of Boulogne in *Jerusalem Delivered*. Then "Richard and Saladin," from Scott's *Talisman*, followed by a humorous interlude from Barham's *Ingoldsby Legends*: "A Legend of Palestine and—West Kent." "The Tournament" from *Ivanhoe* follows, and is succeeded by a noble passage from the "Nibelungenlied," introducing a long series of romantic compositions. Mr. Lang's translation of *Aucassin and Nicolette*, Mrs. Oliphant's account of "The Fourth Crusade," in *Makers of Venice*, and the *Rhythm of Bernard de Morlaix* lead up to a lecture on "Village Life in England Six Hundred Years Ago," by Mr. Augustus Jessop. Turning the later leaves of this volume we find Robin Hood Ballads, passages from Dante's *Inferno*, and from the *Decameron*, from Froissart's *Chronicle*, from Pilpay's *Fables*, and from the *Memoirs* of Philippe de Comines. Even this glance into one volume is enough to show that the main object of the work has been steadily kept in view.

In turning to other volumes we notice scores of passages—not snippets, but lengthy passages—from works which almost every reader has desired at one time or another to be acquainted with. The *Adventures of Captain John Smith*, the Virginian pioneer, is a curious and fascinating book, but it is not a book which the general reader would be likely to purchase. Here he may taste its quality in twenty-four goodly pages. Then, again, what reader will not be grateful for Captain Alfred T. Mahan's expert account of the Battle of Trafalgar from his *Life of Nelson*? Beckford's *Vathek*, of which Byron said "Rasselas must bow before it," is another work eminently suitable for excerpt treatment.

To sum up, Dr. Garnett, whose association with the work inspires confidence, thinks that "the time seems ripe for a reversion to the principle which gave to classical literature its glory and its life—the sentiment that the highest excellence should be aimed at, and hence for a revival of the Greek ideal of an anthology—a 'gathering of flowers,' which is, after all, translated into broader

scientific language, but Darwin's formula of the survival of the fittest. It is out of this idea that the present work



SEÑOR A. P. VALDÈS.

has sprung. If the execution corresponds to the idea, if it is a true gathering of flowers, it should aid in protecting our literature . . . from an entirely novel danger, in the dependence of the most popular, and therefore the most influential, authors upon a wide general public neither refined nor intelligent, who now, as dispensers of the substantial rewards of literature, occupy the place formerly held by the Court, the patron, and the university. Hence a serious apprehension of a general lowering of the standard of literature, far more pernicious than any temporary aberration of taste. The evil may be combated by anthologies, which, if not themselves unduly tolerant of inferior work, may do much good by familiarising the reader with what is excellent in the present, and reminding the writer of the conditions on which alone fame may be won in the future."

The Library of Famous Literature—which, we should add, is illustrated throughout in excellent style—makes good its claim to be a compact and representative display of the literature of the world.

Paris Letter.

(From our French Correspondent.)

AMONG the many things for which we may still be thankful in the recent great crisis of France is the unexpected revelation of fine and noble characters. The heroes of the *Affaire* are now household names all the world over, awaiting the full honours of posterity. But we were hardly prepared for such a wonderful transformation as that of the elegant scoffer, M. Anatole France. His delightful wit and wisdom, his large and benevolent satire, showed him the servant of reason—above prejudices. In the face of the dire and wicked imbecility of those in exalted places we expected nothing more from Anatole France than a contemptuous shrug, an ironical chapter or two in his delicious volumes of contemporary history. Esterhazy we felt to have been specially fashioned for the pen of Anatole France, and so, when the *Anneau d'Améthyste* appeared, the delicate ironist had fulfilled our just expectations. But since then how much he has surpassed them! The forthcoming volume, concerning M. Bergeret in Paris, will contain pages as noble, as elevated and austere, as any written by the gravest and most spiritual of writers. Not a hint of mockery, not a suspicion of the old adorable perfidy which makes up so large a measure of M. France's charm. The gravity and mournfulness of the hour have reformed our old rakish friend, and behold him spiritualised, ennobled, wearing our common brand of sorrow and humbled amazement! He has ceased to laugh at the French generals. He remembers that he, too, is French, and that as a Frenchman his heart is torn and bleeding. I know of no finer piece of writing, breathing a subdued sadness, a pity as deep and noble on behalf of France as on behalf of her irreparably wounded victim, than his letter from Holland to M. Bergeret after the verdict. A little while earlier his beautiful tribute to Colonel Picquart had come to us as dew in the desert, but on reading this austere, resigned, and solemnly patriotic essay on the verdict, we felt that Anatole France had entered a brighter sphere than even that of action, and has proved the mightier force of an honest pen than a dishonoured sword, with its momentary dishonouring victory.

The mood has passed, and now we find him back in his quaint and enchanting humour. The conspiracy has roused him out of his mournful meditations, and we have a new chapter of contemporary history in one of this week's *Figaros*. Those who know anything of reactionary and Nationalist French society will joyously recognise the marvellous accuracy of this sentence, which hits off the quality of the modern conspirators to the life:

Belonging to good society, they were all Nationalists. The Baron Wallstein as much as the rest. An Austrian Jew, set fleeing by the Viennese Anti-Semites, he had established himself in France, where he founded a big Anti-Semite newspaper and took refuge in the Church and army. M. de Terremonde, small aristocrat and small proprietor, showed exactly as much military and clerical enthusiasm as was necessary to identify himself with the titled society in which he moved. The Gromance had too much interest in the re-establishment of the Monarchy not to desire it sincerely. Their pecuniary situation was embarrassed. Madame de Gromance, pretty, well-made, free to act as she liked, could manage; but Gromance, who was no longer young, and had reached the age when we need security, comfort, and consideration, sighed for better times, and impatiently waited the coming of the king. He counted on being named a peer of France by Philippe restored. He laid claim to an arm-chair in the Luxembourg, and placed himself among Meline's Republicans, whom the king would be obliged to pay. The young Lacrisse was president of the Royalist youth of the department where the Baronne had lands and the Gromance had debts. In front of the little table placed under the foliage, in the rose-tinted candle light in which

the butterflies danced, these five persons were united in one thought, happily expressed by Joseph Lacrisse: "We must save France."

Gromance explains that he had been that day to the Senate. Remembering the comfortable velvet seats and his desire for one of them, he cries out again in the sincerity of his conviction: "Save France! Let us save France!" And this is the *résumé* of Nationalist patriotism.

The intensity of emotions through which we have been living here for the past two years, culminating in the fever of suspense, had made the reading of fiction an insipid and tasteless occupation. What could the novelists, even with the combined imagination of a dozen of the best, offer us to compare with the consuming interest of the daily papers? Life has become too dramatic, too tragic, too surprising for the woes and surprises of fiction to entertain us. And so I welcome, as the opening of the publishing season, an erudite, brightly-written book about the "libertines" of France in the seventeenth century, by M. Perrens, of the Institute. M. Perrens uses the term libertine in its scholarly sense, which means something of a freethinker and a freelance. The word gradually came to convey what it means to-day, owing first to the insane conviction in devout persons that an unbeliever is necessarily a rake, and then to the steady demoralisation of the libertines. They thought they might as well earn and justify their evil reputation. But imagine dubbing "libertine" an austere puritan because he chose to think for himself! Though M. Perrens explains that the early interpretation of libertinage was incredulity, he cannot conceal that the word even then went further in its definition, and allied moral with doctrinal imputations. M. Perrens justly protests against the monstrous abuses of the school historians. An early school prize of mine was the life of the great Condé, wherein the hero of Rocroi was depicted as one of the most perfect and most glorious of men. Why should boys or girls be brought up on such lies? The great Condé was a gallant soldier, but a creature of infamous life, without a single redeeming feature except his courage. "One does not deny, one only glides over the enormities," says M. Perrens. "Should one be constrained to mention them, one does so with red-heeled lightness: simple venial sins. In veiling paternal nudities, we are aided by the distance of time and space: the vices of Socrates and Condé do not shock us as do those of our contemporaries."

M. Perrens is hard on the *culte* of Victor Cousin, the great ladies of the seventeenth century, who were certainly what we should describe to-day as "a very bad lot." I have not space to say more about an extremely interesting and closely-packed volume, but I must refer the reader—for the play of words would be entirely lost in translation—to Marigny's description of Guillaume de Bautin, one of Richelieu's intimates. As a summary of falseness of character it is delicious.

H. L.

THE modern appreciation of Donne seems to begin with Robert Browning, who met with the poems when he was still a boy (about 1827), and was greatly influenced by them. He put the Mandrake song to music. He quoted and praised the Dean so constantly in later years that Miss Barrett noticed it early in their acquaintance; "your Donne," she says on several occasions. The stamp of the Dean's peculiar intensity of feeling can be traced in many of Browning's lyrics; his famous "obscurity" is closely analogous to Donne's. Of subsequent instances of the influence of Donne on English poetry this is hardly the place to speak.—From Mr. Edmund Gosse's *Life and Letters of Donne*, published this week.

Studies in Contemporary Style.

1.—The Relative Pronoun.

The public, no less than the immediate personal friends of Mr. Blank Blank will regret to learn that it has been found necessary to perform another operation on his eyes, which everybody will join in hoping will completely restore his sight to him.—THE DAILY CHRONICLE.

Another object, scarcely less important, is the overthrow of that military jurisdiction which, as M. de Pressensé shows, has so black a history in France.—THE DAILY CHRONICLE.

The Bill, which was to prove the magnum opus of the late Premier's career, which was to place the relations of Great Britain and Ireland upon a basis of permanent goodwill and amity, had been fought stage by stage through the Lower House.—THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

THE last clause in our first quotation illustrates an error that is common in speech and in writing. At first we feel *which* to be placed in the objective by one or another of the verbs that follow; but it is not so. The pronoun is nominative to *will restore*. This discovery, however, only leads us to perceive the typical error. The predicate misstates the writer's meaning. He has no more than a hope that the operation will restore Mr. Blank's sight; yet, when we leave out the subordinate clause intervening between the nominative and the predicate, he says absolutely that it will. The writer may argue that the error is the printer's. He may say that there should have been a comma after *which* and a comma after *hoping*. The commas would serve only to make the error glaring. With the commas in use, the sentence, as we have said, would predict absolutely the success of the operation; and that would not be what the writer meant.

A ready method of finding whether a relative pronoun in an involved sentence is in proper relation to the predicate is to read the sentence with the words between the pronoun and the predicate left out. This will be perceived in an examination of our other excerpt from the *Daily Chronicle*. With *as M. de Pressensé shows* left out, the sentence would still be correct.

The truth seems to be that the erring writer suffers from the common fallacy that short sentences are bad style. He had two facts to express, and should have written two sentences. He should have written thus:

Mr. Blank Blank finds it necessary to have another operation on his eyes. The public, as well as his personal friends, will hope for its complete success.

We do not regard that as a particularly graceful statement. All we say is that it is a correct expression of the facts with which the writer supplies us.

The sentence from the *Quarterly Review* exemplifies an error not less common than that of the writer in the *Daily Chronicle*. Observe that the reviewer repeats the relative pronoun. The first result is that on the second use the pronoun seems relative to *career*, which is not the case. Another result is that the sentence is both ungrammatical and ungainly. In such a sentence the copulative conjunction is intended to connect verbs. It is never intended to connect pronouns. Repetition of the relative pronoun, therefore, is invariably bad style. The sentence should run thus:

The Bill which was to prove the magnum opus of the late Premier's career, by placing the relations of Great Britain and Ireland upon a basis of permanent goodwill, had been fought stage by stage through the Lower House.

It will be noticed that we have left out the comma after *Bill*. We have done so in order to draw attention to a third error in connexion with the relative pronoun. Following a usage which was general until the middle of

this century, the printer of the *Quarterly Review* still inclines to put a comma before every relative pronoun. Consequently, he destroys the distinction between the restrictive relative and the relative absolute, and thus deprives writers of a necessary means towards exact expression. The author of the sentence that we have quoted meant the relative to be restrictive. By using the comma the printer made it absolute, and left the sentence both inaccurate and limp.

Certain authorities on grammar say that the true restrictive relative is *that*. They maintain that *which* and *who* should be used as relative absolutes only. *This is the house that Jack built* is certainly better than *This is the house which Jack built*. It is equally clear that *The man that broke the bank of Monte Carlo* is better than *The man who broke the bank*. Still, we are not willing to go so far as the authorities to whom we have alluded. In this writing we have followed their precept; but there are many cases in which *that* instead of *who* or *which* as the restrictive relative would be exceedingly clumsy. We could not well use it, for example, in the first line of the Lord's Prayer.

E. H.

Memoirs of the Moment.

THE Earl of Cranbrook, who has just kept his eighty-fifth birthday, belongs to a past generation of politicians. He follows, however, with close interest each new move in that game of politics in which he was once so bold a player. Nobody fought a better battle in bygone days than Mr. Gathorne-Hardy. He belonged, moreover, to a type rarer in the Tory party of thirty years ago than it is to-day. He was a partner in the Low Moor Iron Works; and a Conservative manufacturer was almost as rare at that time as a Conservative working-man. The party did not want to be aristocratic for ever, and Lord Beaconsfield, who had witnessed and reckoned with the rise of the manufacturing communities, brought Coningsby face to face with Mr. G. O. A. Head, of Stalybridge in fiction, and sought out such men in real life for his colleagues in the Cabinet. Mr. Gathorne-Hardy made a good Home Secretary, a good Secretary of State for India, and a good Secretary of State for War. When he rose to defend the Established Church in Ireland, he did so with the double fervour of a political partisan and of a convinced Churchman, and his speeches in opposition to Mr. Gladstone's Bill were among the most impassioned ever heard in the House of Commons. Of course, his career carried within itself the seeds of its own destruction. The "Manchester man" became the Londoner; the manufacturer was lost in the politician, and the democrat in the aristocrat.

THE Duke of Argyll, in committing Iona to the custody of representatives of the Church of Scotland, will be saved a slight yearly expenditure on its preservation. Old monks and modern elders may not seem an exactly happy conjunction; but Iona has other than religious memories, it has its close association with one of the greatest passages of English prose:

We were now treading [wrote Dr. Johnson] that illustrious island which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion. To abstract the mind from all local emotion would be impossible if it were endeavoured, and would be foolish if it were possible. Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future, predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me and from my friends be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. The man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force on the plains of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona.

THE name of Mr. Percy Pilcher has to be added to the long roll of martyrs who have perished in their attempts to increase man's facilities of locomotion. The flying-machine belongs, no doubt, to the twentieth century; the nineteenth, with its own triumphs, needs not to snatch at it. Percy Pilcher was an enthusiast literally indifferent to his life, so only he could carry further the powers of human flight. On Saturday afternoon he was surrounded by friends, bidden by Lord and Lady Braye to one of their fields near Stanford Hall, to see his ascent on his eagle-like craft. The weather was all against him; and a more prudent man than Percy Pilcher would have abstained from making the attempt. His was fatal good nature. He did not like to let people who had come to be amused go away bored. So at last he strove to mount, and had got about thirty feet high when the gust of wind came which dislocated his machine and him. The Hon. Everard Feilding, who was one of the first of the horrified onlookers to run forward and raise the bruised body of his friend, sent a full account of the affair to his brother, Lord Deubigh, who is now on duty as Lord-in-Waiting at Balmoral, so that the Queen might be fully and privately informed, as she always likes to be. Lord Braye, who is something of a poet and something of a theologian, thinks of raising a Pilcher monument in his park, with an inscription which his own pen is particularly well fitted to supply.

CERTAINLY not a tactician is the politician who this week declared that the opposition to war in South Africa had its origin, not in any love of peace, but in the mere hatred of one man, Mr. Chamberlain, who, &c. No panegyric which followed could make up to Mr. Chamberlain for the thrust unintentionally and clumsily conveyed in such a statement; as when Rogers, reproached by a lady for not coming to her aid over some trifle, assured her, with unconscious cruelty: "I pass my life in defending you."

LEO XIII., though not nearly so accessible as Pius IX. was to pilgrims and visitors, has, nevertheless, granted audiences to a large number of English Protestants even. He is first of all ready to put himself out to receive French people; then English people; then the peoples of Italy, Spain, and others; but Germans last of all. The other day, Lady Sophia Palmer, the daughter of the late Lord Chancellor Selborne, had a talk with the Pope, in which she told him that an uncle of hers, William Palmer, long dead, had joined the Roman Catholic Church, though she herself remained in "the Anglican branch." Leo XIII. smiled very paternally, and said a great many very agreeable things for an English lady to hear about his love for her country and his respect for its piety.

Correspondence.

The Translation of "Dante."

SIR,—Will you allow me to add a few words to my protest—all too brief, clearly, for comprehension—on Cary's translation? I was not, assuredly, deprecating Cary's verses because they were "old." What could be more exquisite than Chaucer's translation ("Second Nun's Tale") of a part of St. Bernard's prayer to the Virgin (*Paradiso*, Canto xxxiii.)?

Assembled in thee is magnificence
With mercy, goodness, and with swich pitee
That thou, that art the Sonne of excellence,
That only helpeth hem that preyen thee,
But ofte tyme of thy benignitee,
Ful frely, er that men thyn help biseche,
Thou goost biforn, and art hir lyves leche.

Take, again, Chaucer's turning of

Nel ventre tuo si raccese l'amore,
Per lo cui caldo, nell' eterna pace,
into

Withinne the cloistre blisful of thy sydes
Took mannes shap the eternal love and pees,

and one feels how great our loss is in not having more from the same master.

Nor was I unmindful of Ruskin's criticism, who, indeed, first sent me to Cary; but Ruskin's type of mind is Dantesque and analytic—two qualities which sufficiently explain his only half-concealed dislike for Milton's gorgeous imagery.

Nor do I agree with Mr. Francis Thompson in thinking that the English translators have failed because our poets cannot find an equivalent for Dante's "ternaries." No; is it not a question of vocabulary rather than metre? When one recalls the Bible, the Elizabethan translation, and, say, Morris's *Beowulf*, do we not feel that "prose" versions may be as impassioned and poetic as any metrical rendering, however imitative the music may be of the original? Mr. Francis Thompson's analysis of what English blank verse can do is admirable; but is he not thinking merely of Milton's and Shakespeare's use of it? But do they exhaust its resources? And now let me conclude with one more question: Is it not strange, after all, that no one has given us a paraphrase of Dante which can take rank with the many other paraphrases in which our language is peculiarly rich?—I am, &c.,

Clapham: October 3, 1899.

F. KETTLE.

The Manifold Sins of the Adverb.

SIR,—I have noticed of late in certain literary journals a very proper attack upon the objectionable habit of using the split infinitive. For my part, words fail to adequately describe my contempt for all who indulge in the pernicious practice. The great objection to the custom is, of course, that the guilty adverb intervenes clumsily and obstructs the sense, so that the confused reader fails to get that clear grasp of the writer's thought which he would have obtained if the words had flowed in proper sequence.

But we should be logical, and go further in the matter. Is it not, for the same reason, just as objectionable to interpose the adverb or adverbial clause between the auxiliary and the verb? For example, "I will, in case of accidents, go." You will frequently come across instances of this.

The intrusive part of speech is also to be found between the noun and the verb, confusing the sense and abusing its privileges. Think of "He without mercy struck"! An adverb undoubtedly should "know its place," which is, of course, immediately after the verb. At other times this very loose particle strays beyond the object of a sentence in a most disorderly way: "They parted at the gate for ever." You will also find the adverbial clause playing this trick again and again.

Sometimes the adverb begins the sentence, and starts "qualifying the verb" before the verb itself can be guessed at—e.g., "In the evening I may wish to go to the theatre." Observe the ambiguity of meaning which results. Occasionally I have known good writers give way thus.

We have discouraged the verb from allowing its auxiliaries to go loose; and the preposition at the tail of a sentence we have also done away with; and if we can only pin that wretched piece of grammatical quicksilver to the rear of the verb we shall begin to get English composition into something like order.

I hope we shall see in future that every sentence is kept neat; and not allow the confusing, disorderly liberty of style which so has disgraced sadly till now the dignity of our language.—I am, &c.,

SIMPLICITY SEVERE.

Misconceptions.

SIR,—May I add one more example to the astonishing list of childish misconceptions? It was in the days when the Litany formed an inevitable part of the Morning Service, and a little boy of my acquaintance, unable to read, used to hear, in response to an unintelligible drone from the officiating clergyman, the oft-repeated and awe-inspiring statement, "We see—such a hairus—good Lord!" Many a scared glance did he cast about the little country church, wondering what a "hairus" might be, and why he could not also see one. The sentence was, of course, the Buckinghamshire rendering of "We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord."—I am, &c.,

STELLA M. DÜRING.

SIR,—Your contributor to the issue of September 23, on "The Ineligible of the Elegy," mentioned the case of a youth who was puzzled by Gray's line:

The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear.

That hard-worked word "bear," contrary to its astronomical associations, seems to be given to misleading the young. Witness the following story told me at first hand: A child, being asked to draw a picture illustrating her favourite hymn, exhibited a picture of a fashionable lady ministering to a rather shaggy animal. Being asked to explain by her teacher, she quoted the lines:

Can a woman's tender care
Cease toward the child she-bear?

—I am, &c.,

C. G. F.

Cambridge: September 30, 1899.

SIR,—Eight pupils, whose average age might be seven, were asked to write the Lord's Prayer from memory. Five of the eight wrote: "Lead us not in tutem tation"

A friend took her Sunday-school class to the seaside. It was a new experience for one scholar, who exclaimed: "Teacher, there's the sea, but where's all the tinimies?" ("The sea, and all that in them is").—I am, &c.,

LOUEY C. JACK.

Edinburgh: September 30, 1899.

Our Literary Competitions.

Result of Competition No. 2.

WE asked last week for mottoes suitable to stand on the title-page of a history of the Dreyfus case. A great many suggestions have reached us, the majority of them so apt that the task of fixing upon the best has been no light one. We have decided, however, that the quotation from Carlyle's *Past and Present*, sent in by Mr. Ernest Davies, 3, Phené Street, Chelsea, has more to commend it than any other, and to Mr. Davies a cheque has therefore been sent. This is the passage:

"For properly, as many men as there are in a nation who can withal see Heaven's invisible justice, and know it to be on earth also omnipotent, so many men are there who stand between a nation and perdition."

Among the best of the remainder are these:

"The stake that is to be secured is of so great an interest, that all our industry, and all the violence we can suffer in the prosecution of it are not inconsiderable. This affair is to be done but once, and then never any more unto eternal ages."—*Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Dying."* [G. D., Horley.]

"JUDGE: Then did the Judge say to him, Hast thou any more to say?"

ENVY: My lord, I could say much more, only I would not be tedious to the court. Yet, if need be, when the other gentlemen have given in their evidence, rather than anything shall be wanting that will despatch him, I will enlarge my testimony against him. . . .

FAITHFUL: May I speak a few words in my own defence?
JUDGE: Sirrah! sirrah! thou deservest to live no longer, but to be slain immediately upon the place; yet, that all men may see our gentleness towards thee, let us hear what thou, vile runagate, hast to say.—*John Bunyan, "The Trial of Faithful."*

[J. P., Fenton.]

"All other wrongs done, patiently I take:
But touch my honour and the case is changed!"

—*From the Pope's speech in "The Ring and the Book" (R. Browning).*

[M. C. E., Forest Hill.]

"Thou shalt not see me blush,
Nor change my countenance for this arrest:
A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.
The purest spring is not so free from mud
As I am clear from treason."

—*Shakespeare, "Henry VI," Part II., Act iii., Scene 1.*

[E. H., Didbury.]

"France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy tears."

—*Shakespeare, "Henry VI," Part I., Act iii., Scene 2.*

[G. R., Aberdeen.]

"There is the moral of all human tales:
'Tis but the same rehearsal of the past,
First Freedom, and then Glory—When that fails,
Wealth, Vice, Corruption—*Barbarism* at last,
And History, with all her volumes vast,
Hath but one page."—*Byron.*

[W. J. F., Birmingham.]

"If aught against my life
Thy country sought of thee, it sought unjustly,
Against the law of nature, law of nations;
No more thy country, but an impious crew
Of men conspiring to uphold their state
By worse than hostile deeds, violating the ends
For which our country is a name so dear."

—*Samson Agonistes.*

[Mrs. J. S., Glasgow.]

"Where other superstitions flourish, political superstitions take root."—*Herbert Spencer.*

[H. B., Gartcosh.]

"Your deliverance sleepeth not, He that will come is not slack of His promise. Wait on for God's timeous salvation, ask not when or how long. I hope He shall lose nothing of you in the furnace, but dross. Commit your cause in meekness (forgiving your oppressors) to God, and your sentence shall come back from Him laughing."—*From a letter by Rev. Samuel Rutherford to William Glendinning, dated from the prison of Aberdeen, July 6, 1637.*

[J. C. H., Chapelhill.]

"As if Justice could be anything but the same ample law,
expounded by natural judges and saviours,
As if it might be this thing or that thing, according to decisions."
—*Walt Whitman.*

[A. M. P., Lincoln.]

"MACDUFF'S SON: What is a traitor?
LADY MACDUFF: Why, one that swears and lies.
SON: There are liars and swearers enough to beat the honest men, and hang them up."—*"Macbeth," Act iv., Scene 2.*

[L. K., Tunbridge Wells.]

"The compensation for injustice is that in that dark ordeal we gather the worthiest around us."—*Geo. Meredith, "Richard Feverel."*

[F. M., London.]

Replies received also from:—T. K., Newcastle; A. C., Stirling; A. E. T., London; S. M., Addiscombe; B. B., Birmingham; K. E. R. F., Bath; E. E. L., Leicester; H. J. S., Aberdeen; A. W. K., Straton Wilton; F. S., Belfast; M. C., London; A. H., Shadwell; C. J., London; W. M., Newport; M. R., Aberdeen; B. J. S., London; H. W. M., London; E. B., South Shields; Mrs. E. B., Liverpool (see rules); R. O. A., Rugby; R. F. McC., Whitby; I. C. K., Brighton; E. S. H., Bradford; H. F., London; J. L., Glasgow; J. D. H., Ealing; E. P., London; E. A., Royston; H. P. B., Glasgow; T. C., Buxted; E. M. S., London; C. H. B. K., Blackheath; H. T. F., Norwich; E. H., Ledbury; A. H. B., London; E. C. M. D., Crediton; F. G. N., North Wales; A. M. C., London; I. C. K., Hertford; C. S. W., Ewell; J. F. H., London; C. T. S., London; N. P., London; J. E. C., Ealing; F. H. L., Woking; C. S., Oxford; A. H. C., Lee; H. G. H., Whitby; H. C. C., Wednesbury; Miss G., Reigate; A. M. E., London; C. F. M., Bath; K. J., London; M. D., London; E. A., Surbiton.

Prize Competition No. 3.

We publish this week a special supplement, containing publishers' announcements for the autumn season. From the lists therein printed we ask our readers to pick out what, in their opinion, promise to be:—

- The two most interesting biographies.
- The two most interesting works of history.
- The two most interesting works of travel.
- The two most interesting religious works.
- The two most interesting novels.
- The two most interesting books for children.

To the competitor whose selection most nearly resembles that produced by a collation of all replies received a cheque for a guinea will be sent.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, The ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, October 10. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found in the first column of p. 388 or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. We wish to impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is also important that names and addresses should always be given: we cannot consider anonymous answers.

Books Received.

Week ending Thursday, October 5.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Palmer (Smythe), Studies on Biblical Subjects. II.—Jacob at Bethel... net	2/6
Johnson Club Papers. By Various Hands..... (Unwin) net	7/6
Sinker (Rev. R.), The Unity of the Book of Isaiah... (Deighton, Bell & Co.)	2/
Cowell (Most Rev. J. E.), I Believe..... (Religious Tract Society)	

POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES LETTRES, &c.

Smeaton (Oliphant), English Satires.....	3/6
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HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Kock (Paul de) Memoirs..... (Smithers) net	16/0
Warner (George T.), A Brief Survey..... (Blackie)	1/6
Stanley (Hiram M.), Physiology for Beginners..... (Open Court Co.)	2/0
Atteridge (A. H.), The Wars of the Nineties..... (Cassell)	6/0
Fraser (Sir W.), Words on Wellington..... (Nimmo)	7/6
Clement (Clara Erskine), Saints in Art..... (Nimmo) net	5/6
Fisher (Sydney George), The True Benjamin Franklin... (Lippincott & Co.)	5/6
Arnold-Forster (Frances), Studies in Church Dedications..... net	36/0
Mackennal (Alexander), Homes and Haunts of the Pilgrim Fathers..... (Religious Tract Society)	
Temple Classics: Plutarch's Lives (North's Translation), Vols. IX. and X. each	1/6

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Thomas (Margaret), Two Years in Palestine and Syria..... (Nimmo)	
Morris (Charles), Our Island Empire. A Handbook of Cuba, Porto Rico, &c. (Lippincott & Co.)	
Stevenson (Paul Eve), By Way of Cape Horn..... (Lippincott & Co.)	
Allen (Grant), The European Tour..... (Richards)	6/

MISCELLANEOUS.

Hardwicke (W. W.), The Evolution of Man..... (Watts & Co.)	
Vernon (Rev. J. B.), The Harvest of a Quiet Eye... (Religious Tract Society)	5/0
Stanley (Hon. E. Lyulph), Our National Education..... (Nisbet)	2/6
Robertson (J. M.), Patriotism and Empire..... (Richards)	3/6
Murray (Dr. James A. H.), A New English Dictionary. I.—IN. (Clarendon Press)	5/0
Jones (J. L.), Jess: Bits of Wayside Gospel..... (Macmillan)	6/0
Dalton (Charles), The Blenheim Roll..... (Eyre & Spottiswoode)	
Birch (Reg. H.), Down Durdley Road..... (Unwin) net	3/6
Leland (Charles G.), Aradia; or, The Gospel of the Witches..... (Nutt) net	3/6
Stewart (Isa), Practical Nursing. Vol. I..... (Blackwood) net	3/6
Spence (John), Shetland and Folklore..... (Johnson & Greig)	6/0
Clapton (Edward), The Precious Stones of the Bible... (Simpkin, Marshall)	
Lowerison (Harry), Field and Folklore..... (Nutt)	
Peyton (Ellis), Cookery for Two and More..... (Russell & Co.)	2/6
A. E. S., What Came to Me in the Silence..... (Burleigh)	1/0
Hulme (F. E.), Familiar Wild Flowers. Sixth Series..... (Cassell)	3/6
Haggard (H. Rider), A Farmer's Year..... (Longmans) net	7/6
Cross (Wilbur L.), The Development of the English Novel... (Macmillan)	6/0

EDUCATIONAL.

Lazare (Jules), Gems of Modern French Poetry..... (Hachette & Co.)	
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JUVENILE.

Caine (O. V.), In the Year of Waterloo..... (Nisbet)	6/0
Elmalie (Theodora C.), The Pilgrim Child..... (Ward, Lock)	
Brereton (Capt. F. S.), With Shield and Assegai..... (Blackie)	3/6
Pollard (Eliza F.), The King's Secret..... (Blackie)	2/6
Coombe (Florence), Boys of the Priory School..... (Blackie)	3/6
Harrison (Frederic), Wynport College..... (Blackie)	5/0
Tytler (Sarah), A Loyal Little Maid..... (Lippincott & Co.)	2/6
Henty (G. A.), Won by the Sword..... (Blackie)	6/0
Henty (G. A.), No Surrender..... (Blackie)	5/0
Henty (G. A.), A Roving Commission..... (Blackie)	6/0
André (R.), The Nightingale..... (Allen)	
Marshall (Hanna), A Good-Hearted Girl..... (Chambers)	3/6
Molesworth (Mrs.), The Boys and I..... (Chambers)	3/6

NEW EDITIONS.

Elliot, M.P. (Hon. A.), The State of the Church..... (Macmillan)	2/6
Ingraham (Rev. J. H.), The Prince of the House of David... (Ward, Lock)	3/6
Popular Studies in Mythology, &c. 1. Celtic and Mediaeval Romance; 2. Folklore..... (Nutt) each	6d.
Fahie (J. J.), A History of Wireless Telegraphy (1838-1899)..... (Blackwood)	6/0
Gronow (Captain), Reminiscences and Recollections..... (Nimmo)	

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